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Notes by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford,
8vo, *portrait*, 1822
works abound in humour and wit, but frequently
dering on licentiousness.

DUBLIN.

"Everywhere have I sought peace and found it nowhere save in a corner with a book."—*Thomas a Kempis.*

"He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter."—*Isaac Barrow.*

"By the aid of books we collect around us all things, all places, men and times. To be without books is the abyss of penury."—*J. Ruskin.*

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THE R^T. HON^BLE

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K.B.

From the original at Holland House.

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THE WORKS,

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR CHAS. HANBURY WILLIAMS, K.B.

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURTS OF RUSSIA, SAXONY, &c.

FROM THE ORIGINALS

IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRANDSON

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ESSEX:

WITH NOTES BY

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

IN THREE VOLUMES, WITH PORTRAITS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

EDWARD JEFFERY AND SON, PALL-MALL.

1822.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

THESE WORKS OF

SIR CHAS. HANBURY WILLIAMS

ARE,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

NUMEROUS FAVOURS RECEIVED FROM HIS

NOBLE FAMILY,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED AND

DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

EDWARD JEFFERY.

May 29, 1822.

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PREFACE.

A PREFACE, in the usual style of prefaces, to the Works of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams would be unnecessary; perhaps, in more senses than one, even impertinent. The simplicity of his character, and of the character of his writings, present formidable obstacles to the grave ceremony with which those portals to new and unexpected publications are generally raised, and set at nought the customary arrangement of their usual cumbrous decorations. A literary career without labour, and a political life without intrigue, furnish little ground for narration, and less for conjecture; and common-place criticism could with difficulty find employment on the works of one who drew solely from the sparkling sources of his own lively mind and

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temper. Something, however, is due to the memory of this accomplished person, and much indeed from the Editor of the following sheets to the eminent persons through whose generosity he is enabled to lay them before the public. It is in this place only that these duties can be properly discharged.

The Author, then, was the third of the five sons of John Hanbury, of Pontypool Park, in the county of Monmouth, a descendant of the ancient Worcestershire family of his name, and representative in several parliaments for the city of Gloucester, by Albina, daughter of John Selwyn, of Matson, in the latter county. He was born in 1709, and having completed an education of the best sort, which commenced at Eton, made the usual foreign tour with all the profit which might be expected from his genius. These advantages, which at that time were seldom bestowed on younger sons, arose from a circumstance of some singularity, through which he became possessed of a

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considerable fortune in his childhood. Charles Williams, of Caerleon, his father's neighbour, having killed a person in a fray, fled to the continent, and, having on his return, many years after, received from Mr. Hanbury that friendship and countenance which his misfortune had probably induced others to deny him, bequeathed to the young Charles, to whom he had been godfather, the most part of his property, to the amount of more than seventy thousand pounds, conditionally, that it should be laid out in the purchase of estates; and that the legatee should assume the surname and arms of Williams. This gentleman died in 1720, and Charles, who returned to England when he came of age, complied with the condition; took possession of the purchased estates, and of others which his father had bought for him; and in 1732 married the Lady Frances, youngest of the daughters and co-heirs of Thomas Earl Coningsby.

His father died in the following year; and he

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was soon after returned to serve in parliament for the county of Monmouth. The lively acuteness of his talents, the elegancy of his manners, and an incessant gaiety of heart, had already endeared him to a class, at that time rather numerous, of eminent men, who delighted in retreating from political labour and party agitation to a social privacy into which only wit and good-humour were admitted. Among these was sir Robert Walpole, who, regarding him with the eye at once of a statesman, a critic, and a friend, fixed him firmly in the support of that line of public conduct to which he was perhaps already well disposed. He engaged with all the warmth which belonged to his character, and his regard for the minister was cemented by his affection to the man. That his motives were disinterested may be fairly inferred from the fact that he held for many years no public office but the pitiful one of paymaster of the marines, and to that he was not appointed till 1739.

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He took no active share in ministerial affairs, and is said to have spoken but twice in parliament; and then shortly, and on matters of no great moment. Indeed, he was too volatile for a counsellor, and too honourable for the tricks of party; the wit and bitter satire, however, which flowed from his pen, in a stream apparently of careless gaiety, rendered him a very important ally; nor did he confine the exercise of those talents to the censure of public men and measures, but frequently attacked with equal severity the faults and foibles of domestic conduct. The consequences of one of these flights of poetical intemperance,* on the marriage of Isabella, Dowager duchess of Manchester, to Mr. Hussey, afterwards Lord Beaulieu, caused him great and deserved vexation. That gentleman, whose reputation for personal courage was fortunately already well established,

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* Vol. I. p. 90.

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treated the injury with silent disdain; but his countrymen, the Irish, burst into a flame of anger, and many of them pledged themselves to each other individually to provoke the offender to the field by repeated affronts. He is said (and in terms from which it might be inferred that he wanted resolution to defend himself), to have retired for a considerable time, to avoid this danger, but whither did he retire? To his house in Wales, within a day's journey of London. The truth is, that his carelessness of the event seems to have been not less remarkable than his imprudence in the cause. The right hon. Henry Fox, to whom the offensive poem had been addressed, and between whom and himself the most cordial attachment subsisted, mentioning these matters somewhat at large in a letter to him of the 6th of September 1746, says, "you may laugh at all this, but I do assure you, at the same time, that every body ridicules and condemns it; your serious

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friends, and I in the first place, think it puts you in a disagreeable situation, and I am heartily and excessively concerned about it."

These heats, however, subsided without bloodshed, and he was in the same year installed a Knight of the Bath; appointed envoy to the elector of Saxony (king of Poland) and of course sworn of the privy council. "He had thrown up his place," says Lord Orford, in his Memoirs lately published, "on some disgusts; the loss of Mr. Winnington, and a quarrel with the Irish, occasioned by an Ode which he wrote on the marriage of the duchess of Manchester and Mr. Hussey, fomented by Lord Bath and his enemies, and supported with too little spirit,* had driven him to shelter his discontents in a foreign embassy, where he displayed great talents for negotiation, and pleased as much by his letters as he had formerly done by his poetry."

* By whom?—Lord O. cannot mean by sir Charles, for he was in fact neither challenged nor insulted.

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This success in a new character fixed the destiny of his future life, which was passed ably, though not always successfully, in continental diplomacy. In the spring of 1750, at the instance of Mr. Fox, he was named envoy extraordinary to Berlin, from whence he made an excursion to Warsaw, to engage the vote of the king of Poland, who was then holding the Diet there, for the archduke Joseph to be king of the Romans. He had the good fortune, about the same time, to become the chief instrument in reconciling the empresses of Germany and Russia; but, during this absence, a change of politics, together with some personal disgust in the mind of the king of Prussia, excited by the discovery of certain freedoms which he had used in descanting in his dispatches on the singularities of that prince's character and conduct, induced Frederick to receive him with extreme coldness. This ill disposition daily increased, and at length rendered his situation intolerable. He was, at his own request, re-

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called; sent again to Dresden in February 1751; and during his residence there transacted some important affairs at the Imperial Court with credit and success.

After an absence of more than two years he returned, for a time, to England, but was presently once more dispatched to the Saxon Court. In 1754, he attended the king to Poland, where his attachment to the interests of the family of Poniatowski, the heir of which was not long after elected to the Polish throne, produced an irreparable quarrel between himself and Count Bruhl, the favourite Saxon minister. This event terminated his mission to the court of Dresden, and the designs of France, in concert with the king of Prussia, on the electorate of Hanover having induced the English cabinet to form the design for a triple alliance between Great Britain, Austria, and Russia, Sir Charles was sent to St. Petersburgh, with instructions to use his utmost endeavours to further the plan at that court.

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The wit, the elegant acquirements, and the frank good-humour of the new ambassador at once charmed a semi-barbarous court. He had the advantage of succeeding a dull and inefficient minister, and the voluptuous Elizabeth, and her great officers seemed to contend for the delight of serving or pleasing him.

Within six weeks after his arrival at St. Petersburgh, a celerity almost unexampled in such negotiations; he obtained the signature of the empress to the convention, transmitted it to Hanover, where George the second, in his anxiety for the success of the treaty, had planted himself with his secretary of state to forward its progress; and, after long waiting, received in answer, instead of the approbation with which he had very reasonably flattered himself, a cold letter, in which, while his services in the negotiation were scarcely recognised, he was blamed with severity for having neglected some mere forms in the conduct of it. This singular conduct did not long remain unexplained: he

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had no sooner quitted England than it was discovered that the empress Maria Theresa had been induced by her fears of the power and activity of the king of Prussia, to withdraw herself silently from the Convention, while Frederick, on his part, had secretly offered terms to England, which George's ministers had eagerly accepted.

Sir Charles now received orders to re-open the Convention on principles in many respects directly opposite to those which he had so lately proposed. An object of ridicule at St. Petersburgh, and of unjust displeasure at home, he solicited with earnestness to be recalled, when the king of Prussia, from some views of a new policy, suggested by the altered complexion of affairs, desired that he might be continued at his post, and the permission of his own sovereign to return was accompanied by an expression, in very gracious terms, of the same inclination. Touched by this unexpected condescension, he remained for several weeks

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at St. Petersburgh, vainly endeavouring to detach the empress from the coalition which she had determined to form with Austria and France; when his health suddenly failed, the powers of his mind evidently became debilitated; and he resolved to return in the autumn of 1757 without delay to England.

During his journey, these disorders rapidly increased, and at Hamburgh, he was clearly in a state of insanity; was entrapped there by a wretched female, who prevailed on him to give her a security for two thousand pounds, and a promise of marriage, his lady being still living. On his sea voyage, he had a dangerous fall into the hold of the ship, and the copious bleedings which were deemed necessary on that account probably relieved the distraction of his intellect. Soon after his arrival, he seemed to be perfectly recovered: retired to his Monmouthshire mansion, Coldbrook-house; and resumed his former amusements there with pleasure, and even with energy. We have a letter from him to his

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friend Mr. Keith, written there during this interval, in which, while he rescues the character of an admirable woman from oblivion, he quits those of the wit and the statesman to delight our feelings as the father and the friend.

"By a letter," says he, "which I wrote to Baron Wolfe some time ago, and which I don't doubt he showed you, you have been informed already of the wretched state of my health, both at Hamburgh and since my return to England; but I am now as perfectly well as ever I was in my life, and improving this charming place, where I hope to see you one day, to talk over things that nobody but you and I in England understand. My beloved Lady Essex, who, I assure you, has a great friendship for you, and who I believe esteems you as much as any man in the world who is not of her own family, will, I hope, be very soon here, to pass away the best part of the Summer with me. I leave you to imagine my happiness in seeing her to behold what I love much the best in the world endowed with every exterior

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charm, and an inside that at least equals her beautiful person. Her knowledge of the court and of the world is prodigious. She has many acquaintances among her own sex, and two of the most exemplary women we have in England for her friends — I mean Lady Caroline Fox, and the Countess of Dalkeith. She is distinguished more than any woman that comes to court by the king, and for good breeding and good sense has hardly her equal in England; but one thing, which perhaps you don't know about her, is that she shines full as much in the character of a good housewife as she does in that of a fine lady; and that all the accounts of my lord's estates, and the expenses of his house, are neatly kept in books by her own hand. In short, she has exceeded all my hopes, and requited my fondest wishes about her; and I will not imagine this description to be tedious to you, because I am sure the friend will feel and read with pleasure what the father feels with transport, and writes with truth."

This period of a tranquillity which he had never before enjoyed, and of his capacity to

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enjoy which, he had perhaps been hitherto unconscious, was very brief indeed. In the Summer of 1759 his reason again forsook him, and he died in that deplorable state, it has been said by his own hand, on the second of November in that year.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams left two daughters, his co-heirs. Frances, whose character we have just now seen, married to William Anne Holles Capel, fourth Earl of Essex of his family; and Charlotte, wife to the Hon. Robert Boyle Walsingham, a commodore in the navy,* fifth and youngest son of Henry, first Earl of Shannon of the second creation.

It is through the favour of the noble heir of the former of those marriages, the present Earl of Essex, and of the Right Hon. Henry Vassall, Lord Holland, that the Editor is now enabled to lay these sheets before the public. A great mass of the original papers of Sir Charles Han-

---

* Who was unfortunately lost in the West Indies in 1779, on board the Thunderer of 74 guns: the whole of the crew perished.

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bury Williams fell, by inheritance, into possession of the noble Earl, who, with that liberality which attends on every act of his life, has permitted the Editor to select from them the poetical pieces which appear in these Volumes. From the numerous literary relics remaining in the hands of Lord Holland, of the entire friendship and confidence which subsisted between Sir Charles and the Right Hon. Henry Fox, his Lordship has been pleased to allow him to enrich his book with the curious historical epistles on the state of Poland, and many other original Letters; and to add also a multiplicity of Notes from the pen of all others the most capable of illustrating the localities of such a writer as Sir Charles Hanbury Williams—the pen of Horace Walpole. To those noble persons the Editor presumes thus to offer his most humble and grateful acknowledgments for this addition to the innumerable favours and benefits with which their Lordships have already been pleased to honour him.

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[*Since this Preface was written, the kindness of the Earl of Essex, and other relatives of the family of Sir C. H. Williams, have furnished the publisher with much more curious and perfectly original matter, this will be formed into an additional Volume as soon as the necessary arrangement will permit.*

In the Portrait of Sir Robert Walpole it will be observed, that the Garter appears on the wrong side; however, it was necessary to follow the drawing, which was by Arthur Pond, Esq., and which had been before copied, in the same manner, by that excellent artist, Mr. Houbracken.]

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THE

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE:

A Fable. 1754

Vestigia nulla retrorsum.

A LION* who, o'er all the plain,
Was wont, like any king, to reign;

* Thomas, second Lord Pelham, and first Duke of Newcastle of that family, was born 1693; he was trifling and embarrassed in his conversation, always eager, and in a hurry to transact business, yet without due method; he was unbounded in flattery to those above him, or whose interest he desired to conciliate; he was highly gratified with the grossest adulation to himself; the facility with which he made and broke his promises, became proverbial; he had a quick comprehension, and was a useful and frequent debater in the House of Peers; he spoke with animation, but with little arrangement, grace, or dignity; his temper was peevish and fretful, always jealous of those with whom he acted: with these

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Who in his youth was fierce and bold,
Could head a mob, and fight and scold,
Was now grown crafty, weak, and old.

---

habits, is it not a matter of surprise that he retained great offices for forty-six years?—*Ob.* 1768.

A foolish head and a perfidious heart (Sir R. Walpole said of the Duke of Newcastle), his name is Perfidy.—W.

After the death of his brother, the Duke of Newcastle went to Court; at the foot of the stairs he cried, and sunk down; the yeomen of the guards dragged him up in their arms; when the closet-door opened, he flung himself at his length at the King's feet, sobbed, and cried, "God bless your Majesty! God preserve your Majesty!" and lay there howling and embracing the King's knees.—W.

Old Lovat's Tragedy is over; it was succeeded by a little Farce, containing the humours of the Duke of Newcastle and his man Stone; the first event was a squabble between his Grace and the Sheriff, about holding up the head on the scaffold, a custom that has been disused, and the Sheriff would not comply with the Duke, who is as much frightened in doing right as in doing wrong, and was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying in the Tower.—W.

The Duchess of Nivernois is the Duke of Newcastle, properly placed, chattering incessantly out of devotion, and making interest against the devil, that she may dispose of Bishoprics in the next world. But it is too ridiculous to see goody Newcastle exulting like old Marius in a seventh consulship.—W.

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Active no more to hunt for prey,
Supine within his den he lay,
And there, by falsehood, tricks, and lies,
He try'd all travellers to surprise.
A Norfolk Calf* pass'd by the first,
He lik'd him best, and used him worst;
He made the greatest rout about him,
And swore he cou'd not live without him;
He slobber'd, kiss'd, caress'd, cajol'd him,
Then to a neighb'ring butcher sold him;
A Bull† in the same pasture bred,
Of dew-lap large, and high-toss'd head,

* Charles, the second Viscount Townsend, was of a Tory family, but by the representations of his brother-in-law Robert Walpole, his zeal for his party soon abated, and took a contrary direction. He attached himself to Lord Somers, and acted cordially with the Whigs; his services and decisive conduct raised his consequence and character with his party; he was naturally of slow parts, but from practice he became an able man of business; he was rough in his manners, impatient of contradiction, imperious and overbearing, inelegant in language, and perplexed in argument; but he was generous, highly disinterested, of unblemished integrity, and unsullied honour.—*Ob.* 1738.

† Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, was trained to business under Lord Treasurer Godolphin, was a most able

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Came passing next with awful mien ;
A nobler beast was never seen:
Him had the Lion long rever'd,
He knew his strength, his horns he fear'd ;
He acted long a flattering farce,
He lick'd his hoofs, he kiss'd his a— ;
But after all the court he 'd paid him,
Join'd with his enemies, and betray'd him;
Got him within his power, and then
Dragg'd him, and eat him in his den.
There next appear'd an unbroke Horse,*
Impetuous, fiery in his course,

---

debater; he promoted, with the most unabated zeal, Whig principles; he was adored by his family, beloved by his friends, and esteemed by his party; his facility of transacting business, and his talents for calculation, were admirable; his parsimony of the public money and the peace of the British Empire was his chief characteristics: he was an intelligent, prudent, and able minister.—*Ob.* 1745.

* Carteret, Earl of Granville, a distinguished statesman, was Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but went into Opposition, and opposed Sir R. Walpole's Ministry with uncommon fervour, and all the ornaments of rhetoric. Warmed with a noble spirit of patriotic indignation, he was, on the change of the ministry, in 1742, again Secretary

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Of too much mettle to be idle,
Impatient of a bit or bridle;
Who, seeing the Lion in that state,
Kick'd him, to show his scorn and hate:
The wretched beast, who lay half dead,
Call'd loudly for his brother's aid;
Who came, and with united force,
They fell upon th' incautious Horse,
And after they had maul'd and beat him,
Drew him into their cave and eat him.
A Spanish Mule* came next in view,
Of slowest pace, and swarthiest hue;
(Who 'd been, to serve the Lion's end,
Of old his fav'rite and his friend,

---

of State, but again removed 1744; he was ardent, enterprizing, and overbearing in his temper; but in social life he was pleasant, good-humoured, frank, and bacchanalian.—*Ob.* 1763.

* William Stanhope, first Earl of Harrington, served with great reputation in the army, and as a diplomatist in Spain and elsewhere; he succeeded Lord Townsend as Secretary of State; he was of a mild and even temper, of great good sense and integrity; he had much patience and phlegm, and was highly useful in the cabinet in military advice.—*Ob.* 1756.

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And who in battle once was seen,
To stand before him as a screen.)
He harmlessly approach'd the door,
But being now of use no more,
His former service is forgot;
He shares his predecessors lot.
A little Monkey,* full of tricks,
More fam'd for puns than politics,
Came hopping from the Irish shore,
And knocking at the Lion's door,
Begg'd for admittance to his Grace,
And slid himself into a place;

---

* Philip, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was equal to most of his contemporaries in elegance and perspicuity, and beyond all his competitors in choice of imagery, taste, urbanity, and graceful irony; and in nice touches of raillery and humour; his wit, however poignant, was always under the control of decency and good sense; he was intimate with all the wits of his time; was at once a man of pleasure and of business; but for the relaxation of principles inculcated in his letters, no talents can make amends.—*Ob.* 1773.

Lord Chesterfield called Sir Robert Walpole the Corrupter of Youth. This is pretty well from one leaving a system of education to poison them from their nursery.—W.

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And thence design'd, by wit and jests,
To govern all our English beasts;
But Leo hardly let him stay
To speak, before he seiz'd his prey;
And tho' it was not half his fill,
Swallow'd him, as you would a pill.
Next came a Poney,* plump and round,
Whose neck with halter blue was bound,
And ambled to the Lion's den,
Who bow'd, and begg'd he would walk in;
And said he was the welcomest beast,
That ever yet had been his guest;
Offer'd him all his oats, and swore
He now was fix'd, would change no more,
And from that hour to his life's end,
Would never have another friend:
The Pad too easily believ'd him,
And thought he durst not have deceiv'd him;

* John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford, must be ever held in high estimation while there remains any attachment to real goodness and to an honourable, manly, generous, and exalted character; he possessed great firmness and integrity of mind.—*Ob.* 1771.

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But when he came within his reach,
The Lion seiz'd him by the breech;
The Poney kick'd, and bit, and fought,
And curs'd, and damn'd him all to nought;
But all in vain, the weaker beast
Expires indignant with the rest;
But after this for many a day,
The Lion catch'd no other prey:
He soon grew hungry, fierce, and sour,
Jackal was scolded every hour,
And would himself have shared the fate,
Of all that were devour'd of late,
But such a scabby nasty beast,
No Lion's stomach could digest.
At length a well-fed Fox* came by,
And caught the Lion's sharpest eye
(They formerly had known each other;
The Fox had lov'd the Lion's brother,
But never lik'd the Lion much,
And always kept without his touch.)

---

* Right Honourable Henry Fox, first Lord Holland.

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'Twas chance that led the Fox that way,
He ne'er design'd to call or stay;
When thus began the royal beast:
" Whither so fast? I thought, at least,
" You might have stay'd, before you go,
" To see if I 'm alive or no.
" I am alive, indeed, that's all;
" But soon, I fear, you'll see me fall.
" How am I bound to curse my fate,
" Alas, I'm in a wretched state!
" My Brother,* your old friend, is dead,
" And here I'm stretch'd upon my bed,

---

* Henry Pelham being of a Whig family, closely attached himself to the partizans of the Brunswick line; after the resignation of Walpole, he became the head of the Treasury; he displayed in his respective offices great method and application to business. In his first efforts in Parliament he was confused and inelegant, but he improved by practice, and became an able debater, and spoke with candour and openness, which made him well heard and generally believed; he managed the finance with great care and probity; he gained great popularity and credit by reducing the interest of the National Debt; he had a sound judgment and an accommodating temper.—*Ob.* 1754.

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" Mourning his loss with tears and groans,
" All bosoms feel that hear my moans;
" And yet, you know, as well as me,
" We Brothers never could agree;
" You know we quarrell'd every day,
" Our lives were one continued fray;
" His changeful conduct still perplex'd me,
" And his neglect of business vex'd me.
" Then his extravagance was worse,
" And daily drain'd my well-sav'd purse;
" How often did my courage save him—
" He had no friends, but those I gave him;
" And tho' I shed these tears about him,
" I shall be greater still without him;
" Especially if you, my friend,
" To take his place will condescend;
" Your pow'r and credit shall be more
" Than e'er my Brother's was before.
" Upon my word you may rely,
" A Lion's heart detests a lie;
" Give me your hand, then, for good luck,
" And let the bargain here be struck."

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" Softly," quoth Reynard, " if you please,
" I 'll not be dup'd with words like these;
" I spy the snare, I see the danger
" To others, Sir; go seek a stranger.
" Your Brother's loss I feel, and mourn,
" With tears, o'er his untimely urn;
" He was my friend, experience-try'd,
" The forest on his word rely'd;
" And all the beasts express their moan,
" That you are left, and he is gone.
" I have with pains for many a-year,
" Study'd your character with care:
" I know, and I will freely speak it,
" You make no promise, but to break it.
" Can pawn your honour to deceive,
" Are perjur'd to make fools believe;
" Can lie with such an easy grace,
" That few can see it in your face;
" Faithful to nought, but your own ends,
" The bitterest enemy to your friends;
" But to your fixt undaunted foe,
" Obsequious, base, complying, low.

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" Cunning supplies thy want of parts,
" Treason and lies are all thy arts.
" But see, for I am on my guard,
" What scenes of blood are in your yard;
" What sculls and bones fill half the place:
" Besides, the footsteps that I trace
" Are all directed towards your den,
" I don't see one come back again;
" And tho' I hear you spare some few,
" To hunt about for prey for you,
" Yet, Sir, your service has undone 'em,
" All honest beasts, with caution, shun 'em:
" Whoe'er has once been in your cave,
" Went in a fool, came out a knave.
" For me whom no ambitious view
" Shall tempt to join in league with you;
" To whom all hopes of pow'r or gain,
" Thrown out by you, are thrown in vain;
" Your Rose with thorns is quite choak'd up,
" There's poison in your proffer'd cup.
" In every friendship knit with you,
" There's scandal, and there's danger too

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" My life would be within your pow'r,
" And, which I value ten times more,
" My yet unspotted reputation
" Would sink at once with all the nation;
" So, notwithstanding your fine speech,
" I'll never come within your reach,
" Without I 'm safe: thank heaven, your laws
" Extend no farther than your claws;
" Content, I stand undaunted here,
" My life's secure, my honour clear,
" Nor force, nor nails, nor teeth I fear:
" I dread no traps, no snare, no gin,
" But I'm undone, if I go in."

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AN ODE

TO THE

DUKE OF ARGYLE,*

AS FROM MR. DODDINGTON,
(Written in June 1740.)

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium,
Victor Mœnii carminis alite, &c.

LET loftier poets stretch the wing,
Pope should alone attempt to sing,
In the Mœonian style,
The vast renown that you have got,
For speeches made, and battles fought,
Brave, eloquent Argyle.

---

* John Campbell, Duke of Argyle, the General; he had gone into Opposition to the court at the time of the Excise scheme in 1733.—W.

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He shall with wond'rous art relate,
How you on either side debate
For and against a question;
Nor match'd by any mortal yet,
For well-judg'd turns, for useful wit,
For thought, and for digestion.*
Then place you like the god of war,
Seated on a triumphant car,
In Flanders, or in Spain;
Or in your fertile native land,
When you, for once, had chief command,
And sing the fam'd Dunblain.
The conquering right wing shall there,
With all that martial fire appear
That made the foe retreat;
The Poem shall be like the fight,
Just as you fought the bard shall write,
And the left wing† forget.

* The Duke of Argyle having in Queen Anne's reign obtained and sold two regiments in a very short time, Lord Treasurer Oxford said, that his Grace had the quickest digestion of any man he ever knew.—W.

† The Duke was accused of having lost the command of himself, and endangered the King's army.—W.

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But such debates, and such campaigns,
Are far above my humble strains,
Nor suit my peaceful Lyrick;
And I will ne'er be tempted more,
Grown wise from what I 've done before, *
To write a panegyric.

---

* Mr. Doddington had written a panegyric on Sir Robert Walpole, in which, in a line recorded by Pope, he professed himself "In power a Servant, out of power a Friend."—W.

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ARGYLE'S* DECAMPMENT,

(Written in June, 1740.)

WHEN Argyle would not go to camp,
Thus did our Monarch say;
" Dear cousin, since you won't command,
" By G—d you shall obey.

" From every place I'll turn you out,
" Such is our fixt intention;

---

* John, the second Duke of Argyle, and Duke of Greenwich, was a warm, impetuous, and animated orator; he possessed great fluency of language and elegance of diction; his speeches were highly declamatory, and filled with affected expressions of candour, conviction, and disinterestedness; they had always a very great effect, by appearing to be unpremeditated effusions, flowing from the occasion and adapted to the moment; they were accompanied with all the graces of elocution, gesture, and dignity of manner. —*Ob.* Oct. 1743.

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" From Portsmouth, from the Ordnance,
" From regiment and pension."

So this great Duke was turned out,
Whom no two people follow'd;
And then the Torys all rejoic'd,
And then the Whigs all halloo'd.

One man * alone in all this land,
Did not much like this story,
Whom I did not except, because
He's neither Whig nor Tory.

To no one party, no one man,
Not to his ownself tight;
For what he voted for at noon,
He rail'd against at night.

A false, suspicious friend was he,
As all the world can tell;
He flatter'd Walpole at Whitehall,
And damn'd him in Pall-mall. †

---

* Mr. Doddington.

† Mr. Doddington built the house in Pall-mall which is now the front part of Carlton-house.—W.

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But what he said in either place,
Ne'er answer'd what he meant:
Offensive was his flattery,
His satire innocent.

This having done for twenty years,
He thought 'twas time to stop;
And having served three 'prenticeships,
Resolv'd to set up shop.

This man so closely stuck t' Argyle,
In this unhappy bout;
That from his Scottish Grace he catch'd
The itch of going out.

For sometime by himself he sat,
Projecting glorious ends;
And then he sent his letters forth,
To summon all his friends.

To them with harsh and horrid voice,
He first the silence broke;
And thus the gaping company,
The peerless Bub bespoke:

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" I sent for you to tell you first
' Of your poor friend's digrace;
" Walpole, I hear, has vow'd my fall,
" And I must lose my place.

" know not whence his rage proceeds,
" For I appeal to you,
" If he e'er bid me do a thing,
" That I refused to do.

" Then let us to the patriots go,
" And join in all their ends,
" And let us all be Walpole's foes,
" Who never were his friends.

" Oh, Damer, Tucker, Raymond, Steward! *
" To Eastbury all welcome;
" Two of you shall for Weymouth serve,
" And two shall serve for Melcomb.

---

* Mr. Doddington's four candidates. Joseph Damer was afterwards created Lord Milton.—W.

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" And if Sir Robert be so bold
" In combat, to defie us;
" I'll show my strength, and rid the towns
" Of Pierce * and of Olmius. *

" One-half of Winchelsea is mine,
" And so 's Bridgewater too;
" Poole, as you know, my wash-pot is,
" O'er Wells I cast my shoe.

" Thus arm'd, no more I'll fawn and bow,
" As at the Treasury-board;
" But here the world shall all allow,
" I strut like any Lord.†

---

* The Court candidates. Olmius was afterwards made an Irish Lord by the title of Waltham.—W.

† The ambition of his life was to be an English Peer. In a subsequent opposition attaching himself once more to the Prince of Wales, and lending him money, he was made his Comptroller, and was said to have the promise of a Dukedom: when he went to kiss the late King's hand for his new place, he was very apprehensive of the King's anger; but his Majesty recollecting all his changes, and seeing his difficulty of kneeling, as he was old and very unwieldy, only burst out into a laugh. In the subsequent reign he obtained the barony of Melcomb.—W.

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" Myself I'll to my country give,
" And to the city of London ;
" Then, farewell Walpole, farewell Erle,*
" And Winnington and Sundon."

Thus he harangued all his friends,
And still was going on ;
When news was brought that our good King
Has turn'd out Bubington.

Oh, to what court will he now go,
To which will he repair ;
For he is ill at St. James'-house,
And much worse in the square.

---

* Giles Erle, Thomas Winnington, William Clayton, Lord Sundon, were Commissioners of the Treasury with Mr. Doddington when he quitted. The two first were as remarkable for wit as the last for the want of it, and for slowness of comprehension, of which Doddington was always complaining. One day that Lord Sundon laughed at something Doddington had said, Winnington, in a whisper to the latter, said, " You are very ungrateful; you see Lord Sundon takes your joke." " No, no," said Doddington, " he 's laughing now at what I said last board day."—W.

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But should he in the parliament,
By patriotism led;
Unvote his votes of twenty years,
And unsay all he has said,

He'll have but two things left to do,
Both which he'll do, I hope;
Go to the Cocoa Tree at noon,
And sup at night with Pope.

Doddington had more wit and unsteadiness than Pulteney; quite as ambitious, but less acrimonious; no formidable enemy; no sure political but agreeable friend. Doddington's speeches were as dainty and pointed as Pulteney's were copious and wandering from the subject. Ostentatious in his person, houses, and furniture, he wanted in his expense the taste he never wanted in his conversation. Pope and Churchill treated him with more severity than he deserved, a fate that may attend a man of the greatest wit, when his parts are more suited to society than to composition. The verse remains; the *bon mots* and sallies are forgotten.—W.

Bub's Diary is curious, indeed, not so much from the secrets it blabs, which are rather characteristic than novel, but from the wonderful folly of the author, who was so fond of talking of himself, that he tells all he knew of himself, though scarce an event that does not betray his profligacy, and (which is still more surprising that he should disclose), the contempt in which he was held.—W.

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It had been well for Doddington's memory if his fame had been suffered to rest on the tradition of his wit, and the evidence of his poetry. The posthumous publication of his Diary has not enlarged the stock of his reputation, in which he relates little but what tends to his disgrace; however, with all its faults, the book is valuable.—W.

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A GRUB UPON BUB*

(Written for the use of the Votesmen of Bridgewater, March 1740-1.)

To the Tune of "Packinton's Pound."

GOOD people draw near, and attend to my song,
And despise not my ballad for being a Grub;
For if 'tis not a good one, at least 'tis not long,
And I'll tell you, in short, the fall of poor Bub:
How he lost his good place,
And is in disgrace,
And does not know where to show his flat face;
For the Torys will never receive such a scrub,
And no Whig at court will be civil to Bub.

---

* George Bub Doddington, afterwards created Baron Melcombe.

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When the Knights of the Bath by King George
were created,
He greatly desired he that order might wear;
But he had not one star, for poor Bub was ill-fated,
And ne'er a red ribbon fell to his share:
For the King would not dub,
So low-born a scrub,
Nor the order disgrace with a fellow like Bub;
But he calmly and quietly put up the thing,
And follow'd the court, tho' not led in a string.

When for sometime he had sat at the Treasury
board, [ear;
And the clerks there with titles had tickled his
From ev'ry day hearing himself call'd a lord,
He begg'd of Sir Robert to make him a peer,
But in an ill hour;
For Walpole look'd sour,
And said, it was not in his will or his pow'r.
"Do you think, Sir, the King would advance
such a scrub,
Or the peerage debase with the name of a Bub?"

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He 's on this grown a patriot, and soon will
harangue,
And of Virtue will prate like a saint on a tub;
But I shall leave him for Sir William* to bang,
If he 'as but a clear stage, how he'll mumble
poor Bub:
Who has never a friend,
That assistance will lend,
Or his cause, tho' his life were at stake, will
defend;
Nay, if 'twas not in hopes to give Walpole a rub,
The patriots themselves would p—ss upon Bub.

---

* Sir William Younge, Secretary at War.—W.

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(Written in December 1741.*)*

UNHAPPY England, still in forty-one,
By Scotland art thou doom'd to be undone;
But Scotland now, to strike alone afraid,
Calls in her worthy sister Cornwall's * aid;
And these two common strumpets, hand in hand,
Go forth and preach up virtue through the land;
Start at corruption, at a bribe turn pale,
Shudder at pensions, and at placemen rail.
Peace! peace! ye wretched hypocrites, or rather,
With Job, say to Corruption, thou 'rt our father;
But how can Walpole justify his fate,
He trusted Isla† till it was too late.
Where were those parts, where was that piercing mind,
That knowledge, and that judgment of mankind.

---

* The new Parliament in 1740, was chiefly turned against the Court by the Scotch and Cornish boroughs.—W.

† Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, brother of John

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To trust a traitor, whom he knew so well,
Strange truth betray'd, yet not deceiv'd he fell:
He knew his heart was, like his aspect, vile;
Knew him the tool and brother of Argyle.
Yet to his hands his power and hopes gave up,
And tho' he knew 'twas poison, drank the cup;
Trusted to one he never could think true,
And perish'd by a villain whom he knew.

Duke of Argyle, whom he succeeded in the Dukedom and with whom he was, or affected to be, at variance, was trusted by Sir Robert Walpole with the management of the affairs of Scotland; was suspected by the Whigs in 1740, to have betrayed the Scotch Boroughs to his brother. Sir R. Walpole said, he did not accuse him; it is certain that on Sir Robert's fall, the Marquis of Tweedale, the Earl of Stair, and other discontented Whigs came into place, not to the satisfaction of Lord Islay.—W.

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GILES EARLE*

(OF MARLBOROUGH-STREET);

AND

GEO. BUBB DODDINGTON, ESQRS.

(Written in Jan. 1740-1.*)*

A Dialogue.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

E. MY dear Pall-mall,† I hear you 're got in favour,
And please the Duke by your late damn'd behaviour;

---

* Gyles Earle had been in the army, and was then attached to John Duke of Argyle.—W.

† Mr. Doddington had a house there.

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I live with Walpole, you live at his Grace's,
And thus, thank heav'n, we have exchang'd
our places.

PALL-MALL.

D. Yes, Sir, on great Argyle I often wait,
At charming Sudbrook,* or in Bruton-street;
In wit or politics (he's good at either)
We pass our independent hours together.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

E. By G—d that's heavenly: so in town you talk,
Or round the groves at charming Sudbrook
walk,
And hear the cuckoo and the linnet sing;
L—d G—d, that's vastly pleasant in the Spring.

PALL-MALL.

D. Dear witty Marlbro'-street for once be wise,
Nor happiness, you never knew, despise;

---

* The Duke's Villa, near Richmond, Surrey.—W.

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You ne'er enjoy'd the triumph of disgrace,
Nor felt the dignity of loss of place.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

E. Not lost my place !* yes, but I did, by G—d,
Tho your description of it 's mighty odd;
I felt no triumph, found no dignity:
I cry d,† and so did all my family.

PALL-MALL.

D. What, shed a tear because you lost your place!
Sure thou'rt the lowest of the lowest race.
Gods! Is there not in politics a time,
When keeping places is the greatest crime?

---

* In Queen Anne's reign, when the Whigs were discarded.—W.

† Earle was very covetous, and affected to be so more than he was; and his humour was set off by a whining tone, crabbed face, and very laughing eyes. One day as he was eating oysters, he said, "Lord God! what fine things oysters would be, if one could make one's servants live on the shells!"—W.

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MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

E. O yes, that doctrine I have learnt long since:
I once resign'd my place about the Prince;*
But then I did it for a better thing,
And got by that the green cloth to the King.

PALL-MALL.

D. Thou hast no taste for popular applause,
Which follows those that join in Virtue's cause:
Argyle and I am prais'd by every tongue,
The burthen of each free-born Briton's song.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

E. You and the duke, d'ye think you're popular?
By G—d they lie that tell you that you are.

---

* George II: this happened in the quarrel between him and his father George I, in 1720.—W.

Mr. Earle, was groom of the bed-chamber to the Prince, which he resigned in 1720; and was made one of the Clerks Comptrollers of his Majesty's Household, or what is termed the Board of Green Cloth. In 1728, he was made a Commissioner of the Revenue in Ireland; and in 1737, a Lord of the Treasury.—Isaac Reed.

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No! Walpole now has got the nation's voice,
The people's idol, and their monarch's choice.

PALL-MALL.

D. When the Excise scheme shall no more be blam'd,
When the Convention * shall no more be nam'd,
Then shall your minister, and not till then,
Be popular, with unbrib'd Englishmen.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

E. The Excise and the Convention! D—n your b——d,
You voted for them both, and thought them good;
Or did not like the triumph of disgrace,
And gave up your opinion, not your place.

---

* The Convention with Spain, 1739.—W.

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PALL-MALL.

D. To freedom and Argyle I turn my eyes;
For them I feel, by them I hope to rise;
And after years in ignominy spent,
I own my crime, and blush, and dare repent.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

E. Sir, of repentance there's one charming kind,
And that's the voluntary, and resign'd:
Your's is a damn'd, enforc'd, turn'd-out repentance,
A Newgate malefactor's after sentence;
Who sighs, because he's lost the power to sin,
As you repent, that you 're no longer in.
But since we're rhyming, pray, for once, mind me,
While I, like other poets, prophecy:
Whenever Walpole dies, and not before,
Then shall Argyle perhaps come into pow'r;
And when he has been paid his long arrear,
And got once more 9,000*l.* a year;

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When ev'ry Campbell that attends his grace,
Shall be restor'd to pension or to place;
When ev'ry Scotchman in his train is serv'd,
An Englishman may chance to be preferr'd.
This is a truth; I know it to my cost:
He best can tell it who has felt it most.

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PETER*

AND

MY LORD QUIDAM:

A Satire.

(Written in August, 1743.)

Hoc quoque Tiresia præter narrata petenti
Responde———. Hor. Lib. ii, Sat. 5.

LORD QUIDAM.

PETER, I've sign'd and seal'd; the work is done;
My goods, my lands, and tenements are gone!

---

* Peter Walter, the usurer, well known by Pope's satires. Lord Quidam was probably an imaginary person.—W.

Peter was a person not only eminent for the wisdom of his profession, but a dexterous attorney and a good conveyancer; extremely respected; though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation, he purchased Stalbridge Park, near Sherborne, and was the important Peter Pounce described by his neighbour Fielding, in Joseph Andrews; he was Clerk of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, Land Steward to the Duke of Newcastle and other gentlemen; he acquired an immense fortune.—*Ob.* 1745, *æt.* 83.

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I see my folly, and repent too late;
But since you're now possess'd of my estate,
And these few guineas all that now remain,
Teach me to thrive, and to be rich again:
To thee, the art of heaping endless stores
Is known, and Plutus opens all his doors.

PETER.

Already asking?—what! a fresh demand,
With those five hundred guineas in your hand,
Of which, had I insisted on my due,
One shilling never could have come to you?

LORD QUIDAM.

O you, who never but for interest lie,
Pity me in this ebb of poverty;
My spreading beeches and my oaks cut down,
My manors sold, and ev'ry acre gone;
Thus low reduc'd, what is my birth, my fame,
And all my virtue, but an empty name?

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PETER.

Since, then, you're chang'd from what you were
before,
And have a just disdain for all that's poor;
And since to think you wisely now begin,
That poverty's a crime, and want a sin;
That gold to ev'ry wish its object draws,
Can purchase honour, can command applause,
Can laugh at punishment, and mock the laws;
Attend, whilst I point out the certain way
To wealth, and all my golden rules display:—
Whene'er you find a person deep in years,
Loaded with wealth, but destitute of heirs,
There get acquaintance, there get intimate,
Bow to him, follow, court him, visit, treat;
For rarities beat all the town about, [trout;
The fresh Thames salmon, and the Fordwich
The fattest ven'son and the plumpest quail,
The green-corn partridge, and delicious rail,
Procure and send him: ever in his sight
Be found; attend by day and watch by night.

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What tho' descended from the lowest race,
A coward, liar, human kind's disgrace;
Not Hervey in a more avoided state,
Vieing with Pult'ney for contempt and hate;
With him in public still be fond t' appear,
Smile in his face, and whisper in his ear;
At park, at play, be ever at his side;
Walk when he walks, and in his chariot ride.

LORD QUIDAM.

What, Sir, be seen with Pult'ney in the Mall,
Or follow old detested Marlbro's* call;

---

* Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; she was a considerable personage in her day. Her own beauty, the superior talents of her husband in war, and the caprice of a feeble princess, raised her to the highest pitch of power; and the prodigious wealth bequeathed to her by her lord, and accumulated in concert with her, gave her weight in a free country.

The beauty of the duchess of Marlborough had always been of the scornful and imperious kind, and her features and air announced nothing that her temper did not confirm. Both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him,

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What blot in all my life has ever been,
To make you think that I could be so mean?

---

she cut off those commanding tresses, and flung them in his face. Nor did her insolence stop there; nor stop till it had totally estranged and worn out the patience of the poor queen, her mistress. The duchess was often seen to give her majesty her fan and gloves, and turn away her own head, as if the queen had offensive smells.

Incapable of due respect to superiors, it was no wonder she treated her children and inferiors with supercilious contempt. Her eldest daughter and she were long at variance, and never reconciled. When the younger duchess exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph, of her own composition and bad spelling, to Congreve in Westminster-abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, "I know not what *pleasure* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*." With her youngest daughter, the duchess of Montagu, old Sarah agreed as ill.—"I wonder," said the duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are so alike!" Of her grand-daughter, the duchess of Manchester, daughter of the duchess of Montagu, she affected to be fond. One day she said to her, "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily—but you *have* a mother!" "And *she* has a mother!" answered the Manchester, who was all spirit, justice, and honour, and could not suppress sudden truth.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications sprung from a grand-daughter. The most beautiful of her four

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I'll keep my honour sacred as before,
I will not flatter.

PETER.

Then you will be poor.

---

charming daughters, lady Sunderland,* left two sons,† the second duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became her heir, and Anne lady Bateman, and lady Diana Spencer, whom I have mentioned, and who became duchess of Bedford. The duke and his brother, to humour their grandmother, were in opposition, though the eldest she never loved. He had good sense, infinite generosity, and not more œconomy than was to be expected from a young man of warm passions and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident too, but could not digest total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His sister, lady Bateman, had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather earls of Sunderland. She was connected

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* Lady Sunderland was a great politician; and having, like her mother, a most beautiful head of hair, used, while combing it at her toilet, to receive men whose votes or interest she wished to influence.

† She had an elder son who died young, while only earl of Sunderland. He had parts, and all the ambition of his parents and of his family (which his younger brothers had not); but George II. had conceived such an aversion to his father, that he would not employ him. The young earl at last asked sir Robert Walpole for an ensigncy in the guards. The minister, astonished at so humble a request from a man of such consequence, expressed his surprise—"I ask it," said the young lord, "to ascertain whether it is determined that I shall never have any thing." He died soon after at Paris.—W.

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LORD QUIDAM.

Well, be it so, then : I must bear my fate;
But tell me how you rais'd your vast estate.

---

with Henry Fox the first lord Holland, and both had great influence over the duke of Marlborough. What an object would it be to Fox to convert to the court so great a subject as the duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortune, should owe the obligation to her! Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a handsome young lady, who unluckily was daughter of lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather the victorious duke. The grandam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of lady Bateman, she blackened the face, and wrote on it, "Now her outside is as black as her inside." The duke she turned out of the little lodge in Windsor park; and then pretending that the new duchess and her female cousins, eight Trevors, had stripped the house and garden, she had a puppet-show made with waxen figures representing the Trevors tearing up the shrubs, and the duchess carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm.

Her fury did but increase when Mr. Fox prevailed on the duke to go over to the court. With her coarse intemperate humour she said, "That was the Fox that had stolen her goose." Repeated injuries at last drove the duke to go to law with her. Fearing that even no lawyer would come up to the Billingsgate with which she was animated

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PETER.

Tell ye!
Be sedulous, nor time, nor labour spare,
To be some rich old childless dotard's heir;

---

herself, she appeared in the court of justice, and with some wit and infinite abuse treated the laughing public with the spectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire metamorphosed into the widow Blackacre. Her grandson in his suit demanded a sword set with diamonds given to his grandsire by the emperor. "I retained it," said the beldame, "lest he should pick out the diamonds, and pawn them."

I will repeat but one more instance of her insolent asperity, which produced an admirable reply of the famous lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lady Sundon had received a pair of diamond ear-rings as a bribe for procuring a considerable post in queen Caroline's family for a certain peer; and, decked with those jewels, paid a visit to the old duchess; who, as soon as she was gone, said, "What an impudent creature, to come hither with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied lady Mary Wortley, who was present, "how should people know where wine is sold, unless a bush is hung out?"

Pope having drawn his famous character of Atossa, he communicated it to the duchesses of Marlborough and Buckingham, pretending to each that it was levelled at the other. The Buckingham believed him: the Marlborough

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And tho' you fail in one attempt, yet try
Again, nor let the scheme forgotten lie.
You seem to think the part is base and low:
Look round you, Sir; see what your betters do!
Consider Dorset,* famous for more pride,
Than half the haughty English peers beside;
Yet this great man pursu'd this plan with care,
Besieging Wilmington† for many a year;

---

had more sense, and knew herself—and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it——And yet he left the copy behind him!

Bishop Burnet, from absence of mind, had drawn as strong a picture of herself to the duchess of Marlborough, as Pope did under covert of another lady. Dining with the duchess after the duke's disgrace, Burnet was comparing him to Belisarius—"But how," said she, "could so great a general be so abandoned?"—"Oh! madam," said the bishop, "do not you know what a brimstone of a wife he had!"—W.

* Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset.—W.

† Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington; he deserted the principles of his family who were Tories, and adhered to the Whigs; he was Speaker of the House of Commons, and Paymaster of the Forces.

George the second appointed him first Minister; but finding himself unequal to the task, he declined it; but shed tears for the King's kindness, when he declared his inca-

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To him his time, opinion, conscience gave,
Receiv'd his nod, and own'd himself his slave;
Flew at his call, and follow'd where he went,
His tool in Court, his vote in Parliament.
And tho' his gen'rous labour was not paid,
And by design, or chance, no will was made;
Does he give o'er, or from my scheme abstain,
Or miss his constant visits to Germain.*
Would you have more examples to inspire
Such deeds, and kindle lucrative desire,
Ev'n worthless Sidney's† praise, I must not grudge,
The assiduous dry-nurse of a wealthy judge;

---

pacity, on being made a Peer; he was appointed Lord Privy Seal.—*Ob.* 1743.

* Lady Elizabeth Germain, to whom Dr. Young dedicated one of his satires, and several of whose letters are printed among Swift's. She left great part of her fortune to the Duke's youngest son, Lord George Sackville, who took her name.—W.

† Lord Sidney Beauclerc, brother of the Duke of St. Alban's; he also paid great court to Lady Elizabeth Germain; and, being very handsome, had engaged her to marry him; but the Duke of Dorset and her relations dissuaded her, and she gave Lord Sidney 1,000*l.* to be off.—W.

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His tea he made, his meat at table carv'd,
His words he echo'd, and his looks observ'd;
With him he went the circuit, to take care
His supper to bespeak, his sheets to air;
And tho' at last his hopes were here dismay'd,
He 'd been before a gainer by the trade;
The sweets he 'd tasted once he could not leave:
He got by Topham* tho' he lost by Reeve.†
For many a year, tho' now he 's dead and gone,
Sir Richard‡ liv'd the fairest mark in town;

---

* Mr. Topham, of Windsor, made Lord Sidney Beauclerc his heir. Lord Sidney, who was extremely illiterate, was often the butt of Sir Charles William's wit. One day in the House of Commons, that Lord Sidney sat opposite, a Teller in a Committee, Sir Charles said to the other Teller, "Let Lord Sidney tell nineteen, and then do you go on twenty," &c.—W.

† Sir Thomas Reeve, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. —*Ob.* 1737.

‡ Sir Richard Ellys, a rich childless old Baronet, descended from the famous Hambden, for whose memory he affected high enthusiasm; he left his great estate after his wife's death, who re-married Sir Francis Dashwood (Lord De Spencer), to the second son of John Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire, who was also descended from Hambden

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A long disease foretold his certain fate ;
No near relations, and a vast estate ;
What numbers courted, who with eager eyes
Beheld and wish'd to gain the golden prize ;
But far beyond the rest to gain his love,
Horace and Hambden diligently strove ;
But Horace * flatt'ry was too thick and coarse,
And Hambden's conversations ten times worse ;
Thither did Horace ev'ry day repair,
While politics were but his second care ;

---

by women. Richard Hambden, one of the expectants here mentioned, was only collaterally descended. Sir Richard Ellys pretended to learning on the credit of a very expensive library, which he likewise bequeathed to Mr. Hobart. Horatio, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, was the other candidate for Sir Richard's wealth; wrote a Latin ode to him to flatter his pretensions; gave his portrait to Sir Richard, and had Sir Richard's in his own Library—in vain.—W.

* Horace, first Lord Walpole, younger brother of Sir Robert, was a great master of the commercial and political interest of the British Empire; he was a most able negociator; his manner was plain and unassuming, but with great coolness and address in adapting himself to the characters and prejudices of those with whom he negociated. —*Ob.* 1757.

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To him, before the King, his court he made,
And left the council, tho' they sat on trade.
For him the dear Dutch mail for hours has laid,
Unop'd, and Fleury's letters been unread;
All care t'amuse, all pains to please him took,
And Pug* and Whist and Europe he forsook.
In strict attendance Hambden did the same,
Arm'd with the strong pretensions of his name;
By ties of blood he claim'd the foremost place,
As the last branch of patriot Hambden's race.
His daily visits punctually he paid,
From morn till noon, from noon till night he stayd;
Still the same race of dull discourse was run,
Till by himself the blockhead was undone:

---

* Mary Lambard, wife of Mr. H. Walpole, whom he always called Pug. One day, as some members were walking from the House of Commons, a steam issued from Mrs Walpole's wash-house at Whitehall; one of them said, "What does that dirty creature, Horace's wife, ever wash her linen?" "No," said Gyles Earle, "but she takes in other people's."—W.

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Poor in his nature, and untaught by art,
He strove, but vainly strove, to act his part.
But to a nobler object turn your eyes,
See Pult'ney loaded with a weighty prize:
He in these kingdoms once did foremost stand,
And balanc'd England with a doubtful hand;
Each party's idol then, tho' now their hate,
The arbiter of Whig and Tory fate;
Yet then neglecting place, the game of fools,
He wisely stuck to my unerring rules.
Muse let this tale in smoothest verse be sung,
While Pult'ney's praises flow from Peter's tongue:
False to his country, falser to his friends,
And true to nothing but his private ends;
Immensely rich, yet lab'ring still for more,
Flatters alike a Duchess or a whore;
And first old haughty Buckingham* he tried,
To all her weaknesses his arts applied,
Flatter'd her vanity, and swell'd her pride;

* The Duchess of Buckingham was as much elated by owing her birth to James II. as the Marlborough was by the favour of his daughter. Lady Dorchester,* the mother

* Lady Dorchester was well-known for her wit, and for saying that she

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Took care no loyal words should e'er offend her,
And pity'd the unfortunate Pretender.

---

of the former, endeavoured to curb that pride, and, one should have thought, took an effectual method, though one few mothers would have practised: "You need not be so vain," said the old profligate, "for you are not the King's daughter, but Colonel Graham's." Graham was a fashionable man of those days, and noted for dry humour. His legitimate daughter the Countess of Berkshire was extremely like to the Duchess of Buckingham: "Well! well!" said Graham, "kings are all powerful, and one must not complain; but certainly the same man begot those two women." To discredit the wit of both parents, the Duchess never ceased labouring to restore the House of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it. Frequent were her journeys to the continent for that purpose. She always stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Bene-

---

wondered for what James chose his mistresses: "We are none of us handsome," said she; "and if we have wit, he has not enough to find it out."—But I do not know whether it is as public, that her style was gross and shameless. Meeting the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Orkney, the favourite of king William, at the drawing-room of George the First, "God!" said she, "who would have thought that we three whores should have met here?" Having after the King's abdication married Sir David Collyer, by whom she had two sons, she said to them, "If any body should call you sons of a whore, you must bear it; for you are so: but if they call you bastards, fight till you die; for you are an honest man's sons."

Susan Lady Bellasis, another of King James's mistresses, had wit too and no beauty. Mrs. Godfrey had neither. Grammont has recorded why she was chosen.—W.

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But grown impatient, from my paths astray
He went, and thought he'd found a nearer way;

---

dictine of the convent, observing her filial piety, took notice to her grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become thread-bare - and so it remained!

Finding all her efforts fruitless, and perhaps aware that her plots were not undiscovered by Sir Robert Walpole, who was remarkable for his intelligence, she made an artful double, and resolved to try what might be done through him himself. I forget how she contracted an acquaintance with him.—I do remember that more than once he received letters from the Pretender himself, which probably were transmitted through her. Sir Robert always carried them to George II. who endorsed and returned them. That negotiation not succeeding, the Duchess made a more home push. Learning his extreme fondness for his daughter (afterwards Lady Mary Churchill), she sent for Sir Robert, and asked him if he recollected what had not been thought too great a reward to Lord Clarendon for restoring the royal family? He affected not to understand her—"Was not he allowed," urged the zealous Duchess, "to match his daughter to the Duke of York?" Sir Robert smiled, and left her.

Sir Robert being forced from court, the Duchess thought the* moment favourable, and took a new journey to Rome;

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* I am not quite certain that, writing by memory at the distance of fifty years, I place that journey exactly at the right period, nor whether it did not take place before Sir Robert's fall. Nothing material depends on the precise period.—W.

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But was detected in the bare-fac'd cheat,
And lost at once her friendship and estate;

---

but conscious of the danger she might run of discovery, she made over her estate to the famous Mr. Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath), and left the deed in his custody. What was her astonishment, when on her return she re-demanded the instrument—It was mislaid—He could not find it—He never could find it! The Duchess grew clamorous. At last his friend Lord Mansfield told him plainly, he could never show his face unless he satisfied the Duchess. Lord Bath did then sign a release to her of her estate. The transaction was recorded in print by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in a amphlet that had great vogue, called a congratulatery letter, with many other anecdotes of the same personage, and was not less acute than Sir Charles's odes on the same hero. The Duchess dying not long after Sir Robert's entrance into the House of Lords, Lord Oxford, one of her executors, told him there, that the Duchess had struck Lord Bath out of her will, and made him, Sir Robert, one of her trustees in his room. "Then," said Sir Robert laughing, "I see, my lord, that I have got Lord Bath's place before he has got mine." Sir Robert had artfully prevented the last. Before he quitted the King, he persuaded his Majesty to insist as a preliminary to the change, that Mr. Pulteney should go into the House of Peers, his great credit lying in the other house; and I remember my father's action when he returned from court and told me what he had done—"I have turned the key of the closet on him"—making that motion with his hand. Pulteney had jumped at the proffered earldom, but saw his error when too late; and was so enraged at his own oversight, that, when he

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He saw his error, and devoutly swore
To keep my ways, and never wander more.

---

went to take the oaths in the House of Lords, he dashed his patent on the floor, and vowed he would never take it up—But he had kissed the King's hand for it, and it was too late to recede.

But though Madam of Buckingham could not effect a coronation to her will, she indulged her pompous mind with such puppet-shows as were appropriate to her rank. She had made a funeral for her husband as splendid as that of the great Marlborough: she renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad who died under age; and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him and of herself to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster-abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial that she wrote to old Sarah of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the Duke. "It carried my Lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for any body else." "I have consulted the undertaker," replied the Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds."

One of the last acts of Buckingham's life was marrying a grandson she had to a daughter of Lord Hervey. That intriguing man, sore, as I have said, at his disgrace, cast his eyes every where to revenge or exalt himself. Professions or recantations of any principles cost him nothing: at least the consecrated day which was appointed for his first interview with the Duchess made it presumed, that to obtain her wealth, with her grandson for his daughter, he must have sworn fealty to the House of Stuart. It was on the martyrdom of her grandfather: she received him in the

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When old Lord Bradford died, besides his store
Of wealth, he left a bastard and a whore;*
To these his chattels, jewels, goods, and plate,
He gave—to these bequeath'd his vast estate.
The bastard prov'd a fool, and by the way,
In Dalilah the whole reversion lay;
Here the quick-sighted Pult'ney fix'd his aim,
And in such words as these bespoke the dame:
" When first at our departed friend's we met,
" (The hour with pleasure I remember yet),
" In ev'ry word a care to please you show'd,
" And nat'ral grace from ev'ry motion flow'd.
" To your dear lord you paid such just regard,
" And such disinterested care appear'd:

---

great drawing-room of Buckingham-house seated in a chair of state in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr —W.

* Mrs. Smith had been Lord Bath's mistress, as well as Lord Bradford's, and was afterwards so to Alexander Small, the surgeon, with whom Lord Bath associated in the management of Mrs. Smith; she left her estate to the Earl in case her son, Mr. Newport, should have no issue, and £.30,000 to Small.—W.

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" No fulsome fondness and no teasing love,
" By which all hypocrites their passion prove;
" But all so open, honest, I was charm'd,
" And quickly found my breast with friendship warm'd;
" And sure by sympathy we must agree,
" You hate all interested views, like me.
" Permit me friendship's sacred knot to tie
" So fast, that nought may loose it till we die:
" Your name and character shall be my care;
" Against the world your champion I'll appear;
" Support your virtue, and its foes run down,
" Nay, justify your usage of your son;
" Him* I'll secure; he ne'er shall see your face,
" Nor propagate his disobedient race:

---

* Lord Bath persuaded Mrs. Smith to send her son abroad with a governor of his recommendation, a man of very bad character; with this man Mr. Newport quarrelled on the road to Turin, and ran away from; the governor, instead of pursuing his pupil, went on to Rome. Mr. Newport, already disordered in his senses, as several of his father's family had been, wandered about France for a year before he found his way to England, where soon after his arrival, he gave himself several wounds, and was put under the

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" I'll pass a bill for that, I'll make new laws,
" Or alter old ones, to advance your cause;
" And since the prudish world won't care t' ap-
pear,
" Or go with you in public anywhere,
" Because you ne'er were bound in nuptial bands,
" And no old drunken parson join'd your hands,
" Be that my consort's care, who, I may say,
" Pursues my gen'rous undesigning way:
" She 'll carry you t' assemblies, to the play,
" To drawing-rooms by night, to park by day;
" She shall attend you to your country seat;
" With her you may do any thing but eat;
" For now our house is alt'ring, we 're not able
" To entertain our friends, and keep a table:
" She for the waters to the Bath 's gone down,
" And I 'm at little Jeffreys's* in town;

---

care of Small the surgeon. One of the first acts of Lord Bath's power on the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, was, to procure an Act of Parliament for preventing lunatics from marrying.—W.

* John Jeffreys, Secretary of the Treasury.—W.

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" But from this instant, madam, to our graves,
" Where'er we are, we're both your humble slaves;
" Let me then share your toils, and ease your cares,
" Inspect accounts, and manage your affairs:
" Servants still act for their own private end;
" In me you 'll find the servant and the friend;
" Duty in me and inclination join, [mine;
" T' advance your cause, and make your interest
" And on these matters since we now debate,
" Don't you intend to settle your estate?
" For tho' I hope your fatal hour 's not nigh,
" Yet we're all mortal, madam, and must die;
" And your unhappy son behaves so ill,
" That you must think of alt'ring your old will;
" How well I lov'd him once yourself best knows,
" But all that disoblige you are my foes;
" And tho' 'twould be my utmost wish, I own,
" To see your tears of joy forgive your son,
" Yet of his actions I've so just a sense,
" I'll never say one word in his defence;
" Since, then, he's doom'd to languish in disgrace,
" Friendship may justly claim the second place;

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" There to the foremost place I will pretend,
" To you, and to your friends alone a friend,
" Others, perhaps, may warmer zeal express,
" And clothe their low designs in friendship's dress;
" May falsely vow, and infamously swear,
" Your welfare 's their concern, your ease their care;
" Believe them not, they've no regard for you,
" Your wealth's their aim, and your estate their view.
" I scorn the aid of guile, the help of art;
" I act the open, but the honest part,
" And my tongue speaks the language of my heart."
He paus'd, and Dalilah, with smiles, complies.
To fetch his trusty lawyer Pult'ney flies;
He brings back Ord,*—they make her will—she dies.

---

* Afterwards Chief Baron of Scotland.—W.

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This woman thus this serpent did deceive,
An harder conquest than the Devil's o'er Eve;
The gen'rous Devil bad her take and live,
More greedy Pult'ney bad her die and give.
Are you not all on fire with what I've said,
And dost thou longer doubt these paths to tread?
More I could tell you, but 'tis twelve o'clock,
And hark, I hear my young Lord Booby knock.
An advantageous bargain I expect,
And that's such business as I ne'er neglect.
Go on, pursue, and merit my applause;
Farewell, I go, for pow'rful int'rest draws.

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A Political Eclogue:

(Written at the latter end of the year 1740, *occasioned by the great contest between* MR. LECHMERE *and* MR. PYTTS,* *Torys, who afterwards carried the Election; and* LORD DERE-HURST† *and* MR. LYTTLETON,‡ *Whigs (all four being violent opposers of the Court), who should represent the County of Worcester in the ensuing Parliament, to be chosen next Spring.)*

THE meeting o'er, the compromise deny'd,
And candidates set up on either side,

---

* Edmund Pytts married the Dowager Countess of Coventry, who lived to be near a hundred years old.

† Eldest son of the Earl of Coventry; he died before his father.

‡ George, eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, whom he succeeded as baronet, and was afterwards created Lord Lyttleton; at the time of this Eclogue, he was Secretary to Frederick Prince of Wales.—W.

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The four competitors fly swift to horse,
And thro' the country as they took their course,
Two chanced to meet near Severn's rapid streams,
And Lyttleton and Lechmere * were their names;
One famed for deep debate, and classic taste,†
The other for his judgment in a beast;
One minds the public, one his private cares,
This shines in senates, and this shines in fairs;
One sighs at Walpole's everlasting sway,
While t' other mourns th' excessive price of hay;
They stopp'd, when Lyttleton the silence broke,
And thus the Patriot to the Grazier spoke:

LYTTLETON.

" When to conclude a tedious war's alarms,
" Ajax and godlike Hector met in arms,

---

* Lechmere was a great grazier, and mere country 'squire.—W.

† George, the first Lord Lyttleton, had fine parts, and a considerable share of learning and political knowledge; he had sound principles of religion, and high ideas of morality, which he manifested in his conduct and conversation.—*Ob.* 1773.

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" Before they shook their spears, or drew their swords,
" They paus'd, and talk'd in amicable words;
' So let us twain, like those two generous foes,
" First parley hold, then, if we must, oppose.

LECHMERE.

" I never heard of Ajax, or of Hector;
" But you would speak to me, Sir, I conjecture:
" Then pray, Sir, let your tale be briefly told,
" For standing still may give my gelding cold.

LYTTLETON.

" Then briefly thus: in vain, why should we toil?
" All culture 's fruitless in a barren soil;
" What can be hoped, when friends from friends divide,
" And weaken fatally the weaker side?
" Our party by itself is overcome,
" By Roman arms thus perished fated Rome.

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" Unhappy strife, what can we wish to get?
" Vict'ry 's a loss, and conquest a defeat.
" No triumph shall attend the victor's care,
" No laurel-crown the conqueror shall wear;
" The sheriff shall with tears the cause decide,
" And joyless in their chairs the elected ride.
" Don't we in all things act and vote the same,
" And both on one foundation build our fame,
" Equally hating Walpole's noxious name?
" What good from such contentions can redound?
" Whene'er we strike the party feels the wound.
" Whoe'er of all us four obtain their ends,
" The party still must lose two zealous friends;
" Expenses and fatigue I can't support,
" Bad is my health, and small my place at Court.
" I for reversions with impatience wait,
" Heir to a better place, and an estate;
" Hear, then, why I should quietly be chose,
" Why you ought to assist, and not oppose.

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" Think of the high employment that I bear,
" I write in verse, and have my Prince's ear.
" The glorious talent to declaim is mine;
" In Council and in Parliament I shine.
" Have you not heard me? yes, you must have heard,
" When Tully's spirit in each word appear'd;
" When the still senate on each accent hung,
" And oratory dwelt upon my tongue;
" When I, great Liberty, thy standard bore,
" And Walpole pale sat trembling on the floor;
" When all th' applauding patriot band allow'd
" That I myself appear'd their leading god. *
" Why wouldst thou, then, my being chose prevent,
" Why spoil me of my seat in Parliament?
" Why wouldst thou cross my warm pursuit of praise,
" Why cloud the glorious sunshine of my days?

---

* Lee's Alexander.—W.

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" Why wouldst thou clip the wings on which
I soar,
" Destroy my hopes of ministerial pow'r,
" And stop me in my full pursuit of glory?

LECHMERE.

" Because, Sir, you're a Whig, and I'm a Tory.
" Howe'er with us you the same schemes
pursue,
" You follow those who ne'er will follow you;
" My principles to you I 'll freely state,
" I love the church, and Whiggism I hate;
" And tho', with you, Sir Robert I abhor,
" His Whiggish heart is what I hate him for;
" And if a Whig the minister must be,
" Pult'ney and Walpole are alike to me.

LYTTLETON.

" To what remote, to what more friendly sky,
" Deserted Patriotism wilt thou fly?*
" The Torys scorn thee and the Whigs deny.

---

* To some new clime, or far more distant sky,
Oh, friendless and forsaken Virtue fly.—*Dryden.*—W.

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" Oh! my poor country, I thy fate deplore,
" Still rent by faction, and by party tore.
" Has all-accomplish'd St. John,* first of men,
" That demi-god, then, vainly drawn his pen?
" Were all his learned lectures fruitless read,
" Are all his works forgot, his writings dead?
" Where fell the seeds thrown from his plastic hand,
" On what ungrateful, on what barren sand,
" That promis'd ten-fold product to the soil,
" To cheer the tiller, and reward his toil?
" And canst thou to the sacred name pretend
" Of being Liberty's and England's friend,
" Who wish that faction in this realm may thrive,
" And party's odious names be kept alive?
" Is this thy wretched plea to merit?—No!
" This proves thee Liberty's and England's foe.

---

* Pope's Lord Bolingbroke.—W.

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" Divide and govern—ministers maintain
" That fatal rule, which patriots should disdain.
" When Solomon the harlot's quarrel try'd,
" Nature prevail'd, and the true mother cry'd,
" 'Oh! let me lose my child, but don't divide!'
" The minister, who well his interest knows,
" Amongst us strife, distinctions, variance sows;
" A general coalition is too wide,
" Too large a basis for that wretch's pride.
" His pow'r, his wealth, rais'd on the narrow plan
" Of a small sub-divided party clan;
" But now, thank Heaven, his basis proves too small,
" The killing frost is come, and he must fall,
" Like Lucifer, never to hope again:
" This England's enemy, this Freedom's bane,
" Shall be cut off by Patriotism's hand,
" And Liberty shall re-assume the land.*

---

* And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.—*Pope.*—W.

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LECHMERE.

" Well, Sir, with patience I have heard your speech,
" Tho' half you said was much above my reach;
" But does not one thing stare you in the face?
" All the whole country knows you have a place;
" And, I assure you, think it the same thing,
" Whether you have it from the Prince or King.
" Go to the farmers, fine orations speak,
" To wives talk Latin, to their husbands Greek.
" I in plain English will the country rand,
" And shake each good freeholder by the hand,
" And drink the church, as long as I can stand.
" What tho' my words are not, like your's, refin'd,
" Rough tho' they are, they always speak my mind.

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" Freeholders with such language well dispense,
" And before all the flow'rs of eloquence,
" Prefer an honest heart, and common sense;
" Therefore, be wise, go home, and rand no more,
" But give up, as your father did before."

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ISABELLA;

OR,

THE MORNING.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Duchess of Manchester is represented as rising from breakfast with her parrot, monkey, and lap-dog.—Dicky Bateman comes in with a Staffordshire tea-pot, *with which the Duchess is charmed:—a simile—She makes a fine speech upon the occasion, which is broken off by General C. Churchill's coming in.—His character.—His first speech.—The Duchess shows him the* tea-pot.—*She tells him of fire-works to be sold at Margus's, which gives him an opportunity of telling a story of some he saw in Flanders. It appears from the very beginning of the story that it could have no end.—It is broken off by the entrance of Charles Stanhope.—A simile on his coming in.—His character as a companion.—He gives an account of a* polypus.—*The Duchess longs for a* polypus.—*Both the Charles's fall fast asleep, on each side of the Duchess.—Contrast between Susanna and the two elders.—The whole company roused by Lord Lovell's coming into the room.—His character.—He talks of the Opera, of Chesterfield and Fanny.*—Lady Fanny's looks owing to love.—The General begins the story of Miss How.—The company's dismay described at the General's beginning a story.—The clock strikes three.—The Duchess rings to dress.—The company rises.—The departure of the company described.*

---

* Lady F. Shirley.

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ISABELLA;*

OR,

THE MORNING.

In various talk the instructive hours they past.

MILTON.

THE monkey, lap-dog, parrot, and her Grace,
Had each retir'd from breakfast to their place,
When, hark, a knock! "See, Betty, see who 's there:"
"'Tis Mr. Bateman,† ma'am, in his new chair:"

---

* Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, widow of the second Duke, was the eldest daughter of John Duke of Montagu, by Mary the fourth daughter of John Duke of Marlborough; she was celebrated as the most beautiful woman of her age; by the Duke, who died at Bath, Oct. 1739, she had no issue; she re-married Edward Hussey, who, on the death of his father-in-law, assumed the name of Montagu, which expired in 1802; by the last marriage she had a son, Lord Montagu, *ob.* 1787, and a daughter, Isabella, born 1750, *ob.* 1772: the Duchess died 1786, aged 94 years: Earl Beaulieu died 25th of November 1802.

† Richard, brother of the Lord Viscount Bateman.—W.

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" Dicky's new chair! the charming'st thing in
town,
" Whose poles are lacker'd, and whose lining's
brown!"
But see, he enters with his shuffling gait;
" Lord," says her Grace, " how could you be so
late?"
" I'm sorry, madam, I have made you wait,"
Bateman reply'd; " I only stay'd to bring
" The newest, charming'st, most delightful
thing!"
" Oh! tell me what's the curiosity!
" Oh! show it me this instant, or I die!"
To please the noble dame, the courtly 'squire
Produc'd a *tea-pot*, made in Staffordshire:
With eager eyes the longing Duchess stood,
And o'er and o'er the shining bauble view'd:
Such were the joys touch'd young Atrides' breast,
Such all the Grecian host at once exprest,
When from beneath his robe, to all their view,
Laertes' son, the fam'd Palladium drew.

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So Venus look'd, and with such longing eyes,
When Paris first produc'd the golden prize.
" Such work as this," she cries, " can England do?
" It equals Dresden, and outdoes St. Cloud:
" All modern China now shall hide its head,
" And e'en Chantilly must give o'er the trade:
" For lace let Flanders bear away the bell,
" In finest linen let the Dutch excel;
" For prettiest stuffs let Ireland first be nam'd,
" And for best-fancy'd silks let France be fam'd;
" Do thou, thrice happy England! still prepare
" This clay, and build thy fame on earthen-ware."
More she'd have said, but that again she heard
The knocker—and the General appear'd.

The Gen'ral,* one of those brave old commanders,
Who serv'd through all the glorious wars in Flanders;

* General Churchill was a son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough; he commanded the 2nd regi-

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Frank and good-natur'd, of an honest heart,
Loving to act the steady friendly part:
None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
Sweet was his night, and joyful was his day,
He din'd with Walpole, and with Oldfield* lay;

---

ment of Guards, afterwards, the 10th regiment of Light Dragoons for twenty-two years; and, perhaps, died in 1745, Lord Viscount Cobham being appointed Colonel of that regiment at this time.

* Mrs. Oldfield was taken into the house on the recommendation of Sir John Vanbrugh; she first acted the part of Ulinda in "The Pilgrim reviv'd;" afterwards, Leonora, in "Sir Courtly Nice," where she showed all the innate powers of a good actress, which proceeded from her own excellent understanding: from the uncommon perfection of her action, and from her personal manner of conversing, she made many sentiments in the character of Lady Betty Modish, in "The Careless Husband," originally her own, or only dressed with a little more care than when they negligently fell from her lively humour: had her birth placed her in a higher rank of life, she had certainly appeared in reality, what in this play she only excellently acted, an agreeable gay woman of quality, a little too conscious of her natural attraction. Women of the best rank might have borrowed some part of her behaviour without the least diminution of their sense or dignity; the variety of her powers could not be known till she was seen in variety of characters,

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But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he 's extremely long;
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
On every subject he his tale relates.
If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains:

---

which, as fast as they fell to her, she equally excelled in. In the wearing of her person she was particularly fortunate: the last new character she shone in, was Lady Townly; she had one especial mark of good sense; her excellence was never at a stand; she was continually endeavouring to improve herself to the last year of her life. Upon her extraordinary acting in "The Provoked Husband," the managers made her a present of fifty guineas more than her agreement: in the last two months of her illness, she declined receiving her salary, *Ob.* 1730.—She had one son by General Churchill, who lived in Lower Grosvenor-street, which house she left him; he married Lady Mary Walpole, a natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, by whom he had a very beautiful family; his daughter Mary was married to the late Earl of Cadogan, by whom he had likewise a very beautiful and accomplished family. Lady Emily married the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley; Lady Charlotte married the Right Hon. Sir Henry Wellesley, which marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, and she re-married the present Marquis of Anglesea; likewise four heroic sons; Colonel Henry was slain at Vittoria; George, Captain in the Royal Navy, and other issue.

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And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting,
As long in telling as it was in fighting:
His old desire to please is still express'd;
His hat's well cock'd, his periwig's well dress'd:
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays;
Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says:
And still rememb'ring that he once was young,
He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.
The room he enter'd *smiling*, which bespoke
Some worn-out compliment, or thread-bare joke
(For not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.)
" How does your Grace? I hope I see you well?
" What a prodigious deal of rain has fell!
" Will the sun never let us see his face?
" But who can ever want a sun that sees your Grace?

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" Your servant, Sir—but see what I have got!
" Isn't it a prodigious charming *pot?*
" And a'n't you vastly glad we make them here?
" For Dicky got it out of Staffordshire.
" See how the charming vine twines all about!
" Lord! what a handle! Jesus! what a spout!
" And that old Pagog, and that charming child!
" If Lady Townsend* saw them, she'd be wild!"

To this the Gen'ral: " Madam, who would not?
" Lord! where could Mr. Bateman find this *pot?*
" Dear Dicky, cou'dn't you get one for me?
" I want some useful china mightily;
" Two jars, two beakers, and a *pot pourri.*"

---

* Audrey Harrison, only daughter of Edward Harrison, of Balls, in the county of Hertfordshire; she was wife to Charles the third Viscount Townsend, and mother of George the first Marquis of Townsend, and of the celebrated and brilliant Charles Townsend, and other children.

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" Oh, Mr. Churchill, where d'ye think I've
been ?
" At Margus's,* and there such fire-works seen,
" So very pretty, charming, odd and new ;
" And, I assure you, they're right Indian too !
" I've bought them all, there's not one left in
town ;
" And if you were to see them, you would own
" You never saw such fire-works any where."
—" Oh, Madam, I must beg your pardon there,"
The Gen'ral cry'd, " for—'twas in the year ten ;
" No, let me recollect, it was not then ;
" 'Twas in the year eight, I think, for then we
lay
" Encamp'd, with all the army, near Cambray—

---

* Margus's was a fashionable India warehouse, much resorted to by ladies of fashion, to purchase tea, fans, fire-works, and other Indian toys, which places were often perverted to places of intrigue. Prior adverts to it, when he says,

" She first of all the town was told,
" Where newest Indian things were sold."

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" Yes, yes, I 'm sure I 'm right by one event,
" We supp'd together in Cadogan's* tent
" Palmes,† Meredith,‡ Lumley,§ and poor George Grove,‖
" And merrily the bumpers round we drove;
" To Marlbro's health we drank confounded hard;
" For he 'd just beat the French at Oudenarde;

---

* William, first Earl of Cadogan, took to a military life, and distinguished himself in the war under King William in Ireland, at the Boyne, and in Flanders in 1701; he was made Quarter-master-general of the Army in 1703; he was constituted Colonel of the 5th regiment of Dragoon Guards; he behaved very gallantly at the attack at Schellenberg, and in the battle of Hochstet, likewise in forcing the French lines, near Tirlemont; at Ramillies, he commanded six squadrons of horse; and he succeeded in taking Antwerp, in which was six French and six Spanish regiments; he, on the death of Mr. Stepney, succeeded him as envoy.—*Ob.* July 1726.

† Palmes (General Francis), was Colonel of the 9th regiment of Dragoon Guards from 1706 to 1712.

‡ Meredith was Colonel of the 20th regiment of the line.

§ Lumley was Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards.

‖ Grove was Colonel of the 19th regiment of foot.

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" And Lord Cadogan then had got, by chance,
" The best champaign that ever came from France;
" And 'twas no wonder that it was so good,
" For some dragoons had seized it on the road;
" And they had heard from those they took it from,
" It was design'd a present for Vendôme.
" So we—" But see, another Charles's face
Cuts short the Gen'ral, and relieves her Grace.

So, when one crop-sick parson in a dose,
Is reading morning-service through his nose,
Another, in the pulpit, straight appears,
Claiming the tir'd-out congregation's ears,
And with a duller sermon ends their pray'rs.
For this old Charles is full as dull as t'other,
Bævius to Mævius was not more a brother;
From two defects his talk no joy affords,
From want of matter, and from want of words.

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" I hope," says he, " your Grace is well to-
day,
" And caught no cold by venturing to the play!"
" Oh, Sir, I 'm mighty well—won't you sit down?
" Pray, Mr. Stanhope,* what's the news in
town?"

" Madam, I know of none; but I 'm just come
" From seeing a curiosity at home:
" 'Twas sent to Martin Folkes,† as being rare,
" And he and Desaguliers brought it there:
" It's call'd a *Polypus*."‡—" What's that?"—A
creature,
" The wonderful'st of all the works of nature:

---

* Charles Stanhope was an elder brother of the first Earl of Harrington; in 1721-2 he was Secretary to the Treasury; he served in every Parliament, from 1714 to 1760, and was much talked of for his concern in the South Sea business.—*Ob.* 1760, *æt.* 87, unmarried.

† President of the Royal Society.

‡ The fresh-water Polypus, an insect which has this surprising property, that being cut into several pieces, each piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an insect as that of which it was originally only a part; it can swallow a worm twice or thrice as long as itself; it

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" Hither it came from Holland, where 'twas caught
" (I should not say it came, for it was brought);
" To-morrow we're to have it at Crane-court,*
" And 'tis a reptile of so strange a sort,
" That if 'tis cut in two, it is not dead;
" Its head shoots out a tail, its tail a head;
" Take out its middle, and observe its ends,
" Here a head rises, there a tail descends;
" Or cut off any part that you desire,
" That part extends, and makes itself entire:
" But what it feeds on still remains a doubt,
" Or how it generates, is not found out:

---

grows in proportion to what it eats. The manner in which these insects multiply is evidently by vegetation; there is not on the body of the Polypus any distinguished place by which it brings forth its young; when one drops off, another comes in its place; take one, put it in perfect solitude in a glass, it will multiply, and if you feed them, their offspring will do the like, more or less, according to the plenty of food.

† The Royal Society was held in Crane-court, Fleet-street, at this time.

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" But at our Board, to-morrow, 'twill appear,
" And then 'twill be consider'd and made clear,
" For all the learned body will be there."

" Lord, I must see it, or I'm undone,"
The Duchess cry'd, " pray can't you get me one?
" I never heard of such a thing before,
" I long to cut it and make fifty more;
" I'd have a cage made up in taste for mine,
" And, Dicky—you shall give me a design."

But here the Gen'ral to a yawn gave way,
And Stanhope had not one more word to say,
So stretch'd on easy chairs in apathy they lay;
And, on each side the goddess they ador'd,
One Charles sat speechless, and the other snor'd.
When chaste Susanna's all-subduing charms
Made two old lovers languish for her arms,
Soon as her eyes had thaw'd the frost of age,
Their passions mounted into lustful rage;

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With brutal violence they attack'd their prey,
And almost bore the wish'd-for prize away.

Hail happy Duchess! 'twixt two Elders plac'd,
Whose passions brutal lust has ne'er disgrac'd;
No warm expressions make your blushes rise,
No ravish'd kiss shoots light'ning from your eyes:
Let them but visit you, they ask no more,
Guiltless they 'll gaze, and innocent adore.

But hark! a louder knock than all before—
'Lord!" says her Grace, "they 'll thunder down my door!"
Into the room see sweating Lovel * break,
The Duchess rises, and the Elders wake:

---

* Lord Lovel was son to Coke, Earl of Leicester; he married Lady Mary Campbell, youngest daughter to the Duke of Argyle, a match negociated by the Countesses of Leicester and Gower. Mr. Walpole observes, that "Lady Mary, after consenting, cried her eyes out, that he has made her four visits, and is so in love with her, that he writes to her every other day; 'tis a strange match; she objects to his loving none of her sex, but the four queens in a pack of cards; but he promises to abandon White's, and both clubs for her sake."—W.

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Lovel,—the oddest character in town;
A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon:
Extract him well, this is his quintessence,
Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense;
To neither party in his heart inclin'd,
He steer'd twixt both with politics refin'd,
Voted with Walpole, and with Pultney din'd.

His lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
Then opens with preliminary chat:
"I'm glad to see your Grace—the Gen'ral too—
"Old Charles, how is it? Dicky! how d'ye do?
"Madam, I hear that you were at the play,
"You did not say one word on't yesterday;
"I went, who'd no engagement any where,
"To th' Opera."—"Were there many people there?"
The Duchess cry'd.—"Yes, Madam, a great many,"
Says Lovel—"There were Chesterfield and Fanny*

* Lady Frances Shirley, a much celebrated beauty.

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" In that eternal whisper which begun
" Ten years ago, and never will be done;
" For tho' you know he sees her ev'ry day,
" Still he has ever something new to say;
" There 's nothing upon earth so hard to me,
" As keeping up discourse eternally;
" He never lets the conversation fall,
" And I 'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball;
" I saw that her replies were never long,
" And with her eyes she answer'd for her tongue:
" Poor I! am forc'd to keep my distance now,
" She won't ev'n curt'sy if I make a bow."

" Why, things are strangely chang'd," the Gen'ral cry'd;
" Ay, *fortune de la guerre*," my lord reply'd:
" But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,
" As we both did some twenty years ago."
" And take off twenty years," reply'd her Grace,
" 'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face;
" My Lord, you never see her but at night,
" By th' advantageous help of candle-light:

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" Drest out with ev'ry aid that is adorning,—
" Oh, if your lordship saw her in a morning!
" It is no more than Fanny * once so fair;
" No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there:
" But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
" Repentance, love, and disappointment speak."

The Gen'ral found a lucky minute now
To speak—" Ah, Ma'am, you did not know Miss Howe;"†
I 'll tell you all her history, he cry'd—
At this Charles Stanhope gap'd extremely wide;
Poor Dicky sat on thorns, her Grace turn'd pale,
And Lovel trembl'd at th' impending tale.
" Poor girl! faith she was once extremely fair,
" Till worn by love, and tortur'd by despair:

---

* Alluding to Lord Chesterfield's Song, " When Fanny blooming fair."

† Miss Sophia Howe, maid of honour to Queen Caroline (when Princess), left Court upon an intrigue with Anthony Lowther, brother to Lord Lonsdale; Lord Hervey wrote his Epistle from Minimie to Philocles for her.—W.

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" Her pining looks betray'd her inward smart;
" Her breaking face foretold her breaking heart.
" At Leicester-house her passion first began,
" And Nanty Lowther was a pretty man:
" But when the Princess did to Kew remove,
" She could not bear the absence of her love;
" Away she flew."—But here the clock struck three;
So did some pitying deity decree;
The Duchess rings to dress—and see her maid
With all the apparatus for her head;
Th' adoring circle can no longer stay,
Each rises, bows, and goes his different way.
To ancient Boothby's* ancient Churchill's flown;
Home to his dinner Stanhope goes alone:
Dicky to fast with her, her Grace invites,
And Lovell's coachman drives unbid to White's.†

---

* Mr. Boothby, friend of the General.
† White's Club, St. James's-street.

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AN ODE

TO THE

HONOURABLE HENRY FOX,*

On the Marriage of the Duchess of Manchester to Edward Hussey, Esq. afterwards Lord Beaulieu.

CLIO, behold this glorious day,
The zephyrs blow, the sun looks gay,
The sky one perfect blue;
Can you refuse at such a time,
When Fox and I both beg for rhyme,
To sing us something new?

---

* First Lord Holland, Father of Charles Fox.

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The goddess smil'd, and thus begun:
" I've got a fav'rite theme, my son,
" I'll sing the conquer'd Duchess;
" I'll sing of that disdainful fair,
" Who, 'scap'd from Scotch and English snare,
" Is fast in Irish clutches.

" Fall'n is her pow'r, her sway is o'er,
" She 'll be no more ador'd, no more
" Shine forth the public care:
" Oh! what a falling off is here,
" From her whose frowns made wisdom fear,
" Whose scorn begot despair!

" Wide was the extent of her commands,
" O'er fertile fields, o'er barren sands
" She stretch'd her haughty reign:
" The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,
" Youth, manhood, age, and impotence,
" With pride receiv'd her chain.

" Here Leicester offer'd brutal love,
" Here gentle Carberry gently strove

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" With sighs to fan desire;
" Here Churchill snor'd his hours away,
" Here too Charles Stanhope every day
" Sat out her Grace's fire.

" Here constant Dicky * too we saw
" Kneeling with reverential awe,
" T' adore his high-flown choice;
" Where you, my Fox, have pass'd whole days,
" Forgetting king's and people's praise,
" Deaf to ambition's voice.

" What clothes you'd made! how fine you drest!
" What Dresden China for your feast!
" But I'll no longer tease you;
" Yet 'tis a truth you can't deny,
" Tho' Lady Caroline† is nigh,
" And does not look quite easy.

---

* Mr. Richard Bateman.

† Lady Caroline Lenox, whom he married.

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" But careful heaven reserv'd her grace
" For one of the Milesian race,
" On stronger parts depending;
" Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
" But gives them legs and impudence,
" That beats all understanding.

" Which to accomplish, Hussey came,
" Op'ning before the noble dame
" His honourable trenches;
" Nor of rebukes or frowns afraid,
" He push'd his way (he knew his trade),
" And won the place by inches.

" Look down, St. Patrick! with success
" Like Hussey's all the Irish bless,
" May they all do as he does;
" And still preserve their breed the same,
" Cast in his mould, made in his frame,
" To comfort English widows."

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AN ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF

"THE CONQUER'D DUCHESS:"

In Answer to that celebrated Performance.

WHAT clamour's here about a dame
Who, for her pleasure, barters fame!
As if 'twere strange or new,
That ladies should themselves disgrace,
Or one of the Milesian race
A widow should pursue.

She's better sure than Scudamore,*
Who, while a Duchess,† play'd the whore,

---

* Miss Scudamore, only child and heir of Viscount Scudamore, of Home Lacy; she married Henry, third Duke

† Duchess of Beaufort.

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As all the world has heard:
Wiser than Lady Harriet too,*
Whose foolish match made such a do,
And ruin'd her and Beard.†

Yet she is gay as Lady Vane,‡
Who, should she list her am'rous train,

Duke of Beaufort, from whom she was divorced in 1743, and re-married Charles Fitzroy, natural son of the first Duke of Grafton, by whom she had a daughter, who married Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, but had no issue by the Duke.

* Lady Harriet Powys.

† A Singer at the Playhouse.

‡ Miss Hawes, daughter of a South-Sea director, and widow of Lord William Hamilton. She re-married William, second Viscount Vane, who was remarkable for his eccentricities, and for the imprudence with which he squandered away a large fortune, till a life begun in wasteful affluence, closed, in 1789, under the sufferings of long pecuniary embarrassment. She was a lady whose name in the annals of gallantry was long too conspicuous; her Memoirs, said to be written by herself, may be found in a well-known Novel of *Smollett's*.

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Might fairly man a fleet;
Sprightly as Orford's Countess* she,
And as the wanton Townshend † free,
And more than both discreet.

For she had patience first to wed
Before she took the man to bed;
And can you say that's bad?
Like Diomede's, your arrows rove:
Like him, you wound the Queen of Love,
And may, like him, run mad.

There was, Sir Knight, there was a time,
If you invok'd your muse for rhyme,
That all the world stood gazing;
You sung us then of folks that sold,
Themselves and country too for gold,
Or something as amazing:

---

* Margaret Rolle, second Countess of Orford.—*Ob.* 1781.

† Miss Harrison.

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How Sands, in sense and person queer,
Jump'd from a patriot to a peer,
No mortal yet knows why;
How Pulteney truck'd the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
To call his vixen* by.

How Compton rose, when Walpole fell,
'Twas you, and only you could tell,
And all the scene disclos'd;
How Vane† and Rushout,‡ Bathurst,§ Gower,
Were curs'd and stigmatis'd by power,
And rais'd to be expos'd.

---

* Miss Mary Gurnley.

† On the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, Vane was appointed Vice-Treasurer, Receiver-General, and Paymaster-General of all his Majesty's Revenues in Ireland, and was made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.—*Ob.* 1758.

‡ Sir John Rushout, the 4th Baronet, was a leading opponent against Sir Robert Walpole. On the fall of that minister he was made a Lord of the Treasury, afterwards Treasurer of the Navy; he lived to a great age, preserving his memory, good-humour, and politeness to the last.—*Ob.* 1775, *æt.* 91.

§ Allen, the first Earl Bathurst, on the fall of Sir Robert

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To heights like these your Muse should fly,
To others leave the middle sky,
Whose wings are weak and flaggy:
Leave these to some young Foppington,
Who takes your leavings, Woffington,
And tunes his odes to Peggy.

For you, who know the sex so well,
Must own that women most excel
When ruling, or when rul'd:
While young they others lead astray;
When old, they ev'ry call obey,
Still fooling, or befool'd.

Scheme upon scheme must still succeed,
They every coxcomb's tale must heed,

Walpole, was appointed Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners; his Lordship's abilities and integrity in public life gained him the esteem even of his political opponents. Mr. Pope pays him a just and fine compliment:—

"Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil;
"Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?"

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Until their brains grow muzzy;
And then by one false step 'tis seen,
How slight the diff'rence is between
The Duchess and the Hussey.

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AN ODE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

STEPHEN POYNTZ,* ESQ.

&c. &c. &c.

Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset———

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.
HOR. Od. 4, Lib. 4.

I.

WHILST William's† deeds and William's praise
Each English breast with transport raise,

---

* Stephen Poyntz, of Midgeham, in Berkshire, the maternal grandfather of the present Earl Spencer, of the late Duchess of Devonshire, and Countess of Besborough.

† William, Duke of Cumberland, was born 1721; he distinguished himself at the battle of Dettingen, where he

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Each English tongue employ;
Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart
Assumes not a superior part,
A larger share of joy?

II.

But that thy country's high affairs
Employ thy time, demand thy cares,

---

was wounded. In 1745 he commanded the British forces on the continent; on the breaking out of the Scotch Rebellion, he had the entire command of the English army, and gained the decisive victory over the rebels, at Culloden; but he was not equally successful in Flanders, in 1747, which was owing to the variance between him and the Prince of Orange. "Our two young heroes do not agree," said Mr. Pelham: "the Duke is open, frank, resolute, and perhaps hasty; the Prince is assuming, pedantic, rationating, and tenacious." In 1757 the Duke commanded an army of observation to defend the Electorate territories; but he had too small a body of troops to complete his purpose. In October 1757, he resigned all his military employments, and spent the remainder of his life in retirement and rural improvements; he died suddenly in his house in Upper-Grosvenor-street, October 1765. Lord Walpole's opinion

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You should renew your flight;
You only should this theme pursue——
Who can for William feel like you,
Or who like you can write?

III.

Then to rehearse the hero's praise,
To paint this sunshine of his days,
The pleasing task be mine—
To think on all thy cares o'er paid,
To view the hero you have made,
That pleasing part be thine.

IV.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
This youthful Prince's various worth,

---

of him was, "that no Prince appeared to have been endowed with greater talents, could have a better understanding, or a quicker apprehension, or a more engaging or agreeable way of delivering his own or hearing the sentiments of others.

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You had the public voice;
Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
To thee the culture of his mind,
And England blest the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
By martial deeds of courage shown:
From this, near Mona's flood,
By his victorious Father led,
He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed
And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught
With happiness and glory fraught,
How her unshaken pow'r
Is independent of success;
That no defeat can make it less,
No conquest make it more.

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VII.

This after Tournay's fatal day,
'Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
Brought calm and sure relief;
He scrutiniz'd his noble heart,
Found virtue had perform'd her part,
And peaceful slept the chief.

VIII.

From thee he early learnt to feel
The Patriot's warmth for England's weal;
(True Valour's noblest spring)
To vindicate her Church distrest;
To fight for Liberty oppress;
To perish for his King.

IX.

Yet say, if in thy fondest scope
Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope

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That bounteous Heav'n so soon
Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
Consenting bend to ev'ry pray'r,
And all thy wishes crown.

X.

We saw a wretch with trait'rous aid,
Our King's and Church's right invade;
And thine, fair Liberty!
We saw thy Hero fly to war,
Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
And set the nations free.

XI.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
My rapture, vision, and my dream,
Gilds the young Hero's days:
Yet can there be one English heart
That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
And own thy share of praise?

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XII.

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
For life's short date: when William's head,
For victories to come,
The frequent laurel shall receive;
Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
And hang them on thy tomb.

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AN ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF MATZEL,*

A FAVOURITE BULL-FINCH:

Addressed to PHILIP STANHOPE, *Esq. to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left* DRESDEN.

I.

TRY not, my Stanhope,† 'tis in vain
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,

---

* LETTER from Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS to PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq. then at Leipsig.

" DEAR STANHOPE; *Dresden, 10th June*, 1748.

" A cursed large, frightful, blood-thirsty, horrible, fierce black cat, got into my room on Saturday night, and yesterday morning we found some few remains of Matzel, but traces enough to prove he had been murdered in the night by that infernal cat; Stevens cried, Dick cursed and swore, and I stood dumb with grief, which I believe would have choked me, if I had not given vent to it in the following Ode, which I have addressed to you, to make you the only amends in my power for the loss of sensible, obedient, harmonious MATZEL."

† Mr. Stanhope was the natural son of Lord Chesterfield, to whom his Letters are addressed.

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Or check your honest rage;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way:
On pains and torture I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
His nine will ill repay.

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IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funereal verse:
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who, never to return,
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming, and most fair
Of all th' Elysian glades.

VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Soothe wretched ghosts that die for love;
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain.

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VII.

Till Proserpine, by chance, shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant's soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.

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A BALLAD:

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL,

Lib. 6, *Ep.* 34.

ON LADY ILCHESTER* ASKING LORD ILCHESTER HOW MANY KISSES HE WOULD HAVE.

(Written at Redlynch, in August, 1740.*)*

To the Tune of "Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes."

DEAR Betty, come, give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave:
But why in the midst of our blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind;
For as I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll not be confin'd.

---

* Elizabeth Strangways Horner, wife of Stephen Fox, Earl of Ilchester.

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Count the bees that on Hybla are straying,
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are playing,
Or the grains that each Sicily yields;
Count how many stars are in Heaven,
Go reckon the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you've given
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine;
In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And curl round thy neck like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips shall be spent;
But those who can number their kisses
Will always with few be content.

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AN ODE

ON

MISS HARRIET HANBURY,

AT SIX YEARS OLD.

I.

WHY should I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
Why should I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain,
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces;
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents faces.

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III.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel;
Those charms their pow'rful sway shall find;
Youth shall in crouds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms,
My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the vict'ries of your charms.

V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
At least while verse like mine endures:
And future Hanburys shall boast,
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

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VI.

A little vain we both may be,
  Since scarce another house can shew,
A poet, that can sing like me,
  A beauty, that can charm like you.

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A SONG:

ON

MISS HARRIET HANBURY,

ADDRESSED TO

THE REV. MR. BIRT.

I.

DEAR doctor of St. Mary's
In the hundred of Bergavenny,
I've seen such a lass,
With a shape and face,
As never was match'd by any.

II.

Such wit, such bloom, and beauty,
Has this girl of Ponty Pool, Sir,
With eyes that would make
The toughest heart ache,
And the wisest man a fool, Sir.

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III.

At our fair t'other day she appear'd, Sir,
And the Welchmen all flock'd and view'd her;
And all of them said,
She was fit to have been made
A wife for Owen Tudor.

IV.

They would ne'er have been tir'd with gazing,
And so much her charms did please, Sir,
That all of them stay'd,
Till their ale grew dead,
And cold was their toasted cheese, Sir.

V.

How happy the lord of the manor,
That shall be of her possest, Sir;
For all must agree,
Who my Harriet shall see,
She's a Harriet of the best, Sir,

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VI.

Then pray make a ballad about her;
We know you have wit if you'd show it,
Then don't be asham'd,
You can never be blam'd,
For a prophet is often a poet.

VII.

But why don't you make one yourself, then?
I suppose I by you shall be told, Sir:
This beautiful piece,
Alas, is my niece;
And besides, she's but five years old, Sir.

VIII.

But tho', my dear friend, she's no older,
In her face it may plainly be seen, Sir,
That this angel at five,
Will, if she's alive,
Be a goddess at fifteen, Sir.

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ON THE

DEATH OF LADY ABERGAVENNY:*

BY A LADY.

YE Muses all, and pitying virgins, come
And pour your tears on poor Calista's tomb.
In the cold mansions of the silent grave,
May her remains a sanctuary have
From the malignant blasts of sland'rous tongues,
Who have pursu'd her name with cruel wrongs;

---

* Catherina Tatton, daughter of Lieutenant-general Tatton, and wife of Edward, thirteenth Lord Abergavenny; he dying in 1724, in the 19th year of his age, his wife re-married, in 1725, William, fourteenth Lord Abergavenny, his successor, she dying 4th of December, 1729, in childbed, in less than one month after the detection of a criminal correspondence with Richard Lyddel, Esq. against whom Lord A. brought an action for damages, and recovered five thousand pounds.

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May all her faults for ever be forgot,
And let not calumny her mem'ry blot.
Unhappy nymph! let none her crime upbraid,
By love and too much gentleness betray'd;
And, oh! for ever may his name be curst,
Of spotted villains be he rank'd the first,
Who, with a base revenge and malice fir'd,
Fierce jealousy in her stern Lord inspir'd.
Inhuman wretch! Sure now thy woes begin,
And thou already hast thy hell within.
While pitying Heaven, with mercy, sees her fate,
And kindly takes her to a happier state,
Pardons the fault she so sincerely mourn'd,
And joys to see a penitent return'd.
But, oh! ye railers, ye abandon'd few,
How ill your Master's precepts ye pursue:
Reflect, when God himself was here below,
What mercy he did to a sinner show,
And bade the guiltless only throw a stone;
Straight all retir'd, and left her there alone:
With majesty he rais'd his awful head,
And mildly to the tender creature said,

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" Again thy life and freedom I restore;
" Now, go thy way, and look thou sin no more."
Th' accusing Jews were juster far than you,
By conscience self-condemn'd, they all withdrew;
But amongst those who mangle thus her fame,
How many's crimes, tho' not their fates the same!
Henceforth for ever cease her name to tax,
Nor with foul calumny abuse her sex.

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ON

LADY ABERGAVENNY:

BY CHARLES, DUKE OF DORSET.

YOUNG, thoughtless, gay, unfortunately fair,
Her pride to please, and pleasure all her care;
With too much kindness and too little art,
Prone to indulge the dictates of the heart;
Flatter'd by all, solicited, admir'd,
By women envied, and by men desir'd:
At once from full prosperity she's torn,
By friends deserted, of defence forlorn,
Expos'd to talk, to insults, want, and scorn;
By every idle tongue her story told,
The novel of the young, the lecture of the old;
But let the scoffer or the prude relate,
With rigour's utmost force her hapless fate;
Good nature still to soft compassion wrought,
Shall weep her ruin, while it owns her fault.

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For if her conduct, in some steps betray'd,
To virtue's rule too little reverence paid,
Yet, dying, still she show'd, so dear her fame,
She could survive her guilt, but not her shame:
Her honour dearer than her life she prov'd,
And dearer far than both, the man she lov'd.

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SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS

TO

SIR HANS SLOANE,*

WHO SAVED HIS LIFE, AND DESIRED HIM TO SEND OVER ALL THE RARITIES HE COULD FIND IN HIS TRAVELS.

SINCE you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,
To bless by turns, and plague, my wife;

---

* Sir Hans Sloane was a native of the county of Down, and was born 1660; he had his medical education in France, under Tournefort and De Verncy; at 24 years of age he was immediately admitted a member of the Royal Society, and was introduced at the recommendation of Drs. Lyster and the great Sydenham; the latter took him into his house, and became his declared patron; he had great prospects of success in the metropolis, but his ardour for the pursuits of natural history and botany, induced him to accept the post of Physician to the Duke of Albemarle, Governor of Jamaica; on the Duke's death, he had made

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In conscience, I'm obliged to do
Whatever is enjoin'd by you.

---

such diligent use of his time, that in 15 months he brought back with him a rich treasure of subjects in the different kingdoms of nature, amongst which were 800 species of plants; he speedily rose to excellence; in 1693, he was elected Secretary to the Royal Society, and Physician to Christ's Hospital; in 1695 he married the daughter of Alderman Langley, by whom he had three daughters and a son; the two daughters that survived, were married into eminent English families, the eldest to the father of the late Earl of Cadogan: his great work was, the Natural History of Jamaica; in 1708 he was elected member of the French Academy of Sciences; Queen Anne frequently consulted him, and George I. made him Physician-General to the Army, and created him a Baronet, and the College of Physicians elected him their President; on the death of the great Newton, the Royal Society elected him successor; on the accession of George II. he was made that King's Physician; he purchased the Manor of Chelsea, and formed the Botanical Garden there, and made a free gift of the fee-simple of it to the Company of Apothecaries; at the age of 80 he retired from his profession, and lived with great comfort and respect for 12 years after; he bequeathed all his vast collections of natural history, gems, MSS. books, &c. to the public, on the condition of Parliament paying £.20,000 for them, a sum said not to be more than the intrinsic value of the precious metals only: they now form the most curious part of the British Museum.—Ob. 1752.

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According, then, to your command,
That I should search the western land
For curious things of ev'ry kind,
And send you all that I should find;
I've ravag'd air, earth, seas, and caverns,
Men, women, children, towns, and taverns;
And greater rarities can show,
Than Gresham's children ever knew:
Which carrier Dick shall bring you down,
Next time his waggon comes to town.

First, I've three drops of that same shower,
Which Jove in Danaë's lap did pour;
From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send
Which brought Queen Dido to her end.
The stone whereby Goliath died,
Which cures the head-ache, well apply'd;
The snake-skin, which, you may believe,
The devil cast who tempted Eve.

A fig-leaf apron; it's the same
That Adam wore to hide his shame,

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But now wants darning; I've beside
The blow by which poor Abel died.
A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
Time us'd to whet his scythe withal;
The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent
To tell him when the waters went.
A ring I've got of Samson's hair,
The same which Dalilah did wear;
Saint Dunstan's tongs, which story shows
Did pinch the devil by the nose.
The very shaft, as all may see,
Which Cupid shot at Antony;
And, which above the rest I prize,
A glance of Cleopatra's eyes;
Some strains of eloquence which hung,
In Roman times, on Tully's tongue;
Which, long conceal'd and lost had lain,
Till ——— found them out again.
Then I've, most curious to be seen,
A Scorpion's bite, to cure the spleen;
A goad, that rightly us'd, will prove
A certain remedy to love.

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As Moore* cures worms in stomach bred,
I've pills cure maggots in the head;
With the receipts, too, how to take 'em,

* * * * * * *

I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
Found in the bottom of a mine;
A lawyer's conscience, large and fair,
Fit for a judge himself to wear.
I've a choice nostrum, fit to make
An oath a Catholic will take;
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
Close cork'd, some drops of honesty,
Which, after searching kingdoms round,
At last, were in a cottage found;
An antidote, if such there be,
Against the charms of flattery.
I ha'nt collected any care,
Of that there's plenty ev'ry where;
But after wond'rous labours spent,
I've got one grain of rich content.

---

* Moore, of Abchurch-lane, who sold the famous worm-powders.

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This my wish, it is my glory,
To furnish your nicknackatory;
I only beg that when you show 'em,
You'll tell your friends to whom you owe 'em,
Which may your other patients teach
To do, as has done your's, C. H.

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(Written in February 1739-40.*)*

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

WINNINGTON.

FOR that short time that I alone was blest,
Singly admitted to that lovely breast,
There was no happier fellow in this town,
Not Essex, Bludworth, or the vig'rous Brown.

ETHELREDA.

Whilst me you lov'd, beyond each earthly thing,
Nor Ethelreda was postpon'd to Bing;
I shone the foremost character in life,
Nor envy'd Walmod, or Lord Archi's wife.*
For Teddy Bing† a passion now I feel,
Who both a Pichen and my heart could steal;

* Lord Archibald Hamilton, father of the late Sir Wm. Hamilton, and of the Countess of Warwick and Brooke. He married the daughter of James sixth Earl of Abercorn, who was was mistress of the Robes and Privy Purse to the Princess of Wales, and Governess to King George III. in his infancy—she died 1753.

† Edward Bing, fifth Son to the first Lord Torrington, was bred up in the Army.

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To save whose life I'd stand all Hambden's fury,
Bully the witnesses, and bribe the jury.

WINNINGTON.

I have as odd a passion for my Kitty*
(The motley breed of quality and city).
Had I as many lives as twenty cats,
I'd give them all for one dear game at ——.
What if to nature I again return,
And for thy beauteous form once more should burn!
Should I quit Bing, would you take back your Winny,†
And love again as if the devil was in ye?
Tho' Kitty's full of sentiments refin'd,
Thou rough as seas, and fickle as the wind;
Tho' when I melt in tender Kitty's lap,
I fear no children, and I dread no ——;

ETHELREDA.

With thee I'd choose to live, tho' sure to breed,
And take my Lord to bed, in case of need.

---

* Kitty Walker. † Mr. Winnington.

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THE

COUNTRY GIRL;

AN ODE:

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF BATH.*

(Written and printed in July 1742.*)*

THE country girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young 'squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To raptures now her pulse beats high,
And now she dreads undoing.

---

* The pen of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams inflicted deeper wounds in three months on this Lord than a series of Craftsmen, aided by Lord Bolingbroke, for several years, could imprint on Sir Robert Walpole: the latter lost his power, but lived to see justice done to his character—his rival acquired no power, but died very rich; he is supposed to have had the principal hand in Mist and Fog's Journals, and the Craftsman.—W.

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But when the lover with his pray'rs,
His oaths, his sighs, his vows and tears,
Holds out the proffer'd treasure;
She quite forgets her fear and shame,
And quits her virtue, and good-name,
For profit mixt with pleasure.

So virtuous Pult'ney, who had long
By speech, by pamphlet, and by song,
Held patriotism's steerage,
Yields to ambition mixt with gain,
A treasury gets for Harry Vane,*
And for himself a peerage.

Tho' with joint lives and debts before,
Harry's estate was covered o'er,

---

* Harry Vane, afterwards Earl of Darlington, appointed Vice-treasurer of Ireland on the change of the Ministry, 1741.—W.

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This Irish place repairs it;
Unless thatstory should be true,
That he receives but half his due,
And the new Countess * shares it.

'Tis said, besides, that t' other Harry†
Pays half the fees of secretary
To Bath's ennobled doxy;
If so—good use of pow'r she makes,
The treasury of each kingdom takes,
And holds them both by proxy.

Whilst her dear Lord obeys his summons,
And leaves the noisy House of Commons,
Amongst the Lords to nod;
Where if he's better than of old,
His hands perhaps a stick may hold,
But never more a rod.

---

* Elizabeth Gumley, Countess of Bath, was very parsimonious.—W.

† Henry Furnese, Secretary of the Treasury.—W.

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Unheard of, let him slumber there,
As innocent as any peer,
As prompt for any job;
For now he 's popular no more,
He 'as lost the power he had before,
And his best friends the mob.

Their fav'rites shouldn't soar so high,
They fail him when too near the sky,
Like Icarus's wings;
And popularity is such,
As still is ruin'd by the touch
Of gracious giving kings.

Here then, O Bath! thy empire ends,
And Argyle,* with his Tory friends,

---

* "And Pelham, with his Whiggish friends."
It was altered in the published copy to the above, that the verses might seem to come from a Tory quarter.

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Soon better days restore;
For Enoch's fate and thine are one,
Like him translated, thou art gone
Ne'er to be heard of more.

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A NEW ODE

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN, NEWLY MADE.

Jam nova progenies.

SEE, a new progeny descends
From heav'n, of Britain's truest friends.
O Muse attend my call!
To one of these direct thy flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio! these are golden times;
I shall get money for my rhymes;
And thou no more go tatter'd;
Make haste, then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

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But first to Cart'ret * fain you'd sing;
Indeed he 's nearest to the King,
Yet careless how you use him:
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays;
He will but promise if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

Then (tho' there 's a vast space betwixt)
The new-made Earl of Bath comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride:
His step, his gait, describe the man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for pow'r to morrow.

---

* John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville; Secretary of State.—W.

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At noon the Tories had him tight,
With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
Each party try'd to 've won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffled and cut from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important lord,*
Who at the long'd-for money-board
Sits first, but does not lead:
His younger brethren† all things make;
So that the Treasury's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head.

---

* Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, Speaker of the House of Commons, then Lord President, and lastly, First Commissioner of the Treasury. He was a worthy man, of exceedingly grave formality, but of no parts.—W.

† Mr. Sandys, Sir John Rushout, and Philip Gibbon, three of the new Lords of the Treasury, often out-voted Lord Wilmington, and his nephew, Mr. Compton of the Treasury, and gave away places as they pleased.—W.

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Why did you cross God's good intent?
He made you for a president;
Back to that station go:
Nor longer act this farce of power,
We know you miss'd the thing before,
And have not got it now.

See valiant Cobham,* valorous Stair,†
Britain's two thunderbolts of war,

---

* Sir Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham.—W.

Lord Cobham, on voting against the Court on the matter of excise, had his regiment taken from him, and was not allowed to sell it, although he had purchased it.—W.

† John Dalrymple, second Earl of Stair, Field-marshal.—W.

John, second Earl of Stair, served in the Cameronian regiment in the battle of Steinkirk, 1692; he was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Marlborough at the taking of Venlo and Liege, and the attack of Peer, and got the command of the Cameronians in 1706; he was promoted to the command of the Scotch Greys; he was a Brigadier-general at the battle of Ramillies, and commanded a Brigade at the battle of Oudenarde, in 1708; he was Major-general at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709. The Tory ministers in the last year of Queen Anne ordered him to sell his regiment at a low price to the Earl of Portmore; but on the acces-

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Now strike my ravish'd eye:
But, oh! their strength and spirits flown,
They, like their conquering swords, are grown
Rusty with lying by.

---

sion of George I., he was appointed commander in Scotland and had the 6th regiment of Dragoons given him. On the death of Louis XIV. he was appointed Ambassador to France, an appointment which he executed in the most brilliant and spirited manner; no Ambassador ever exceeded, and few have equalled, the splendid and magnificent table, train, and equipage which distinguished this Embassy; but in some misunderstanding with the ministry at home, he was recalled; his Lordship had the office of Vice-Admiral of Scotland conferred on him, 1729; but joining the opposition against Walpole, he was deprived not only of it, but his regiment: on the dissolution of the Walpole administration, he was appointed a Field-marshal, Governor of Minorca, and Ambassador to the States of Holland, and had the command of the allied army in Flanders, and was again Colonel of the 6th Dragoons; and, serving under the King at the battle of Dettingen, he was so disgusted at the preference given to the Hanoverians, that he resigned the command: the 2nd Duke of Marlborough followed his lordship's example; but, France soon after making preparations for the invasion of Britain, they set a noble example of loyalty by tendering their services in any station; this example was followed by persons of all ranks. In 1745, he was again appointed to the Scotch Greys, and General of the Marine Forces.—*Ob.* 1747.

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Dear Bat,* I'm glad you've got a place,
And since things thus have chang'd their face,
You'll give opposing o'er:
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter, at the door.

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
But not in flatt'ry, Samuel Sands;
For since you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
Its state, old Rome dictators took
Judiciously from plough:
So we (but at a pinch thou knowest),
To make the highest of the lowest,
The Exchequer gave to you.

---

* Allen, Lord Bathurst.

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When in your hands the seals you found,
Did it not make your brains go round?
Did it not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell* did when she woke
In Lady Loverule's bed.

See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And since he's made Vice-Treasurer,
Grown taller by some inches:
See Tweedale† follow Carteret's call;
See Hanoverian Gower,‡ and all
The black funereal Finches.§

---

* In the "Devil to Pay."—W.

† John Hay, Marquis of Tweedale; he married Lord Carteret's youngest daughter.—W.

‡ John Leveson, Earl of Gower, Lord Privy Seal.—W.

§ Daniel Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and his brothers William and Edward. The Earl of Winchelsea was of so dark a complexion, and so slovenly in his dress, that he was called the Chimney Sweeper.—W.

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And see with that important face
Berenger's* clerk to take his place,
Into the Treasury come;
With pride and meanness act thy part,
Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Oh, my poor country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
Of Walpole and his tools?
He was a knave, suppose—what then?
He 'd parts—but this new set of men
A'n't only knaves, but fools.

More changes, better times this isle
Demands; oh! Chesterfield,† Argyle,

---

* Henry Furnese.

† Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

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To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
Unite all hearts, appease each storm,
'Tis yours such actions to perform,
My pride shall be to sing 'em.*

---

* "And Doddington's to sing 'em."—So it is in the original MS.

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AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM EARL OF BATH:*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY GIRL."

(Written in Nov. 1742.)

Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi:
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen.

Quæ prius multum facilis movebat
Cardines, &c. &c.

HOR. Lib. 1, Od. XXV.

GREAT Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er;
The Tories trust your word no more,

* Lord Bath left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money; four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages. His own estate was improved to

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The Whigs no longer fear ye;
Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No crowds of coaches fill your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near ye.

Few now aspire at your good graces,
Scarce any sue to you for places,
Or come with their petition,
To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd
For you in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
Since all mankind perceive that pow'r
Is lodg'd in other hands:
Sooner to Cart'ret now they'll go,
Or e'en (though that's excessive low)
To Wilmington and Sands.

---

fifteen thousand pounds a year; and the Bradford estate, which he got from Mrs. Smith, Lord Bradford's mistress, was as much. The Earl of Darlington is now in possession of this estate, which produces thirty thousand a year.—*Ob.* 1764.

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With your obedient wife retire,
And, sitting silent by the fire,
A sullen *tête-à-tête*,*
Think over all you've done or said,
And curse the hour that you were made
Unprofitably great.

With vapours there, and spleen o'ercast,
Reflect on all your actions past,
With sorrow and contrition;
And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
From disappointed avarice,
From frustrated ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting friends complain,
That visit you no more;
But in this country 'tis a truth,
As known as that love follows youth,
That friendship follows pow'r.

---

* Lady Bath, with an infernal temper, had a great deal

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Such is the calm of your retreat!
You through the dregs of life must sweat
Beneath this heavy load;
And I'll attend you, as I've done,
Only to help reflection on,
With now and then an ode.

---

of wit. Lord Bath saying to her in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper," she replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well, I wonder you should."—W.

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THE

STATESMAN.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? &c. HOR. Lib. 1, Ode xii.

WHAT statesman, what hero, what king,
Whose name through the island is spread,
Will you choose, O my Clio, to sing,
Of all the great living or dead?

Go, my Muse, from this place to Japan
In search of a topic for rhyme:
The great Earl of Bath is the man,
Who deserves to employ your whole time.

But, howe'er, as the subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter;
May it please you to take my advice,
That you may'nt be suspected to flatter.

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When you touch on his Lordship's high birth,
Speak Latin as if you were tipsy:
Say, we are all but the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew;
Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties:
You may say, he is married; that's true,
Yet speak not a word of his Countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
To enrol the fair deeds of his youth!
When you mention the acts of his age,
Leave a blank for his honour and truth!

Say, he made a great monarch* change hands:
He spake—and the minister† fell.
Say, he made a great statesman of Sands;
(Oh! that he had taught him to spell!)

---

* George II. † Mr. Walpole.

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Then enlarge on his cunning and wit:
Say, how he harangu'd at the Fountain;*
Say, how the old patriots were bit,
And a mouse was produc'd by a mountain.

Then say how he mark'd the new year,
By increasing our taxes, and stocks:
Then say how he chang'd to a peer,
Fit companion for Edgecumbe† and Fox.

---

* In the Strand, where all the Torys met.

† Richard, the first Lord Edgecumbe; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, on the fall of Walpole's administration.—*Ob.* 1758.

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A NEW ODE.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urguet odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

HOR. Od. 5, Lib. i.

WHAT (good Lord Bath) prim patriot now,
With courtly graces woes thee?
And from St. Stephen's Chapel to
The House of Lords pursues thee?

How gay and debonnair you're grown!
How pleas'd with what is past!
Your title has your judgment shown,
And choice of friends your taste.

With sparkling wits to entertain
Yourself and your good Countess,
You've hit on sweet-lip'd Harry Vane
And high-bred Harry Furnese.

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But to direct th' affairs of state,
What geniuses you 've taken?
Their talents, like their virtues, great!
Or all the world's mistaken.

The task was something hard, 'tis true,
Which you had on your hands,
So, to please Prince and people too,
You wisely pitched on Sands.

O Britain! never any thing
Could so exactly hit ye:
His mien and manners charm'd the King
His parts amaz'd the City.

But, to make all things of a piece,
And end as you begun;
To find a genius such as his,
What was there to be done?

O where—where were they to be found?
Such stars but rare appear!
Dart not their rays on every ground,
Gild ev'ry hemisphere.

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But you with astronomic eyes,
Not Tycho Brahé's more true,
From far spy'd some bright orbs arise,
And brought them to our view.

Sir John's* clear head and sense profound,
Blaz'd out in Parliament,
Gibbon,† for eloquence renown'd,
To grace the court you sent.

To these congenial souls you join'd
Some more, as choice and proper,
Bright Bootle? darling of mankind!
Good Limerick and sage Hooper.‡

Such virtue and such wisdom shone,
In ev'ry chosen spirit!
All men at least this truth must own,
Your nice regard to merit!

---

* Sir John Rushout.

† Father of the celebrated Historian.

‡ Mr. Hooper was a Hampshire gentleman, and uncle to the late Earl of Malmsbury, to whom he left his estate: he was much consulted on affairs relative to Finance and Revenues of the country. He retired from public; and lived for many years at Heron-Court, Hampshire.

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What pray'rs and praise to you belong,
For this blest reformation!
Thou joy of ev'ry heart and tongue!
Thou saviour of the nation!

O Walpole, Walpole, blush for shame,
With all your tools around you!
Does not each glorious patriot name,
Quite dazzle and confound you?

Had you sought out this patriot race,
Triumphant still you 'd been;
By only putting them in place,
You had yourself kept in.

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AN ODE,

FROM THE

EARL OF BATH

TO AMBITION.

Peccat ad extremum ridendus.

AWAY, Ambition, let me rest;
All party rage forsake my breast,
And opposition cease.
Arm me no more for future strife,
Pity my poor remains of life,
And give my age its peace.

I'm not the man you knew before,
For I am Pult'ney now no more,
My titles hide my name.
(Oh, how I blush to own my case!)
My dignity was my disgrace,
And I was rais'd to shame.

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To thee I sacrific'd my youth,
Gave up my honour, friendship, truth,
My king and country's weal.
For thee I sinn'd against my reason,
The daily lie, the weekly treason,
Proclaim'd my blinded zeal.

For thee I ruin'd Orford's pow'r;
Oh! had I well employ'd that hour,
My reign had known no end:
But then (oh, fool!) like Brutus, I
Left able, pow'rful Antony,
T' avenge his fallen friend.

He drives me to this abject state,
And still he urges on my fate,
And heaps my measure full:
All Orford's wrongs are now repaid,
I'm fall'n into the pit I made,
And roar in my own bull.

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Leave me, and to great Varus go,
On him resistless smiles bestow,
Inflame his kindled heat:
Display thy pow'r, thy temptings show,
Thy glorious height, the sunny brow,
With all that charm and cheat.

Varus, on whom, while yet a child,
You, goddess, favourably smil'd,
And form'd him for your tool;
Bid him the path of Greatness try,
Teach him to conquer or to die,
To ruin, or to rule.

Here all my views of greatness cease,
I only ask content and peace,
Which I will never barter
For all the gifts that you can show'r;
The pride of wealth, the pomp of pow'r,
Employments and a garter.

But at that word what thoughts return!
Again I feel Ambition burn,

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My dreams my hopes obey;
There all my wishes crown'd I feel,
Enjoy the ribband, treas'ry, seal,
Which vanish with the day.

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THE HEROES:*

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of "Sally in our Alley."

OF all the jobs that e'er had past
Our house, since times of jobbing;
Sure none was ever like the last,
Ev'n in the days of Robin:

---

* In the time of the Rebellion these Lords had proposed to raise regiments of their own dependents, and were allowed; had they paid them too, the service had been noble: being paid by the Government, obscured a little of the merit; being paid without raising them, would deserve too coarse a term. It is certain, that not six of the regiments ever were raised; not four of which were employed. The chief persons who were at the head of this scheme, was the Dukes of Bedford and Montagu; the Duke of Bedford actually raised and served with his regiment.—W.

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For he himself had blush'd for shame
At this polluted cluster
Of fifteen nobles* of great fame,
All brib'd by one false muster.

---

* The Duke of Bedford was Secretary of State 1751. The Duke of Newcastle was jealous of him, because of his intimacy with the Earl of Sandwich, who had been hoisted to the head of the Admiralty by the weight of the Duke of Bedford, into whose affections Sandwich had worked himself by means of intrigues, cricket matches and acting plays: he warmly opposed, though ineffectually, the Clandestine Marriage bill: he was a man of inflexible honesty and good-will to his country; he was a great economist, but with more generosity and goodness than generally unite with that passion; his parts were certainly not shining, but he spoke readily, and on trade well; his foible was speaking on every thing, and imagining he understood it. He was governed by his Duchess, though unmeasurably obstinate; his manner was impetuous, which he was so little sensible of, that, when he was told the Earl of Halifax was to succeed him as Secretary of State, he observed he is too warm and overbearing, the King will never endure him. If the Duke of Bedford could have thought less well of himself, the world would probably have thought better of him.—W.

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Two Dukes* on horseback first appear,
Both tall and of great prowess;
Two little Barons in the rear
(For they're, you know, the lowest:)
But high and low they all agree
To do whatever man dar'd;
Those ne'er so tall, and those that fall
A foot below the standard.

Three regiments one duke † contents,
With two more places you know;
Since his Bath knights, his grace delights
In Tri-a junct' in U-no.
Now Bolton comes with beat of drums,
Though fighting be his loathing;
He much dislikes both guns and pikes,
But relishes the cloathing.

---

* John, fourth Duke of Bedford. Charles, fourth Duke of Bolton.

† The Duke of Montagu.

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Next doth advance, defying France,
A peer in wond'rous bustle;
With sword in hand, he stout doth stand,
And brags his name is Russell:
He'll beat the French from ev'ry trench,
And blow them off the water;
By sea and land he doth command,
And looks an errant otter.

But of this clan, there's not a man
For bravery that can be,
(Tho' Anstruther* should make a stir,)
Compar'd with Marquis Granby:†

---

* Colonel Anstruther.

† The Marquis of Granby was an honest, open-hearted young man; of undaunted spirit, but no capacity; he drank as profusely as a German; he was honest and affable, and of such unbounded good nature and generosity, that it was impossible to say which principle actuated him in the distribution of the prodigious sums that he spent and flung away.—W.

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His sword and dress both well express
His courage most exceeding:
And by his hair, you'd almost swear
He 's valiant Charles of Sweden.

The next are Harcourt, Halifax,
And Falmouth, choice commanders!
For these the nation we must tax,
But ne'er send them to Flanders.
Two corps of men do still remain,
Earl Cholmondley's* and Earl Berkeley's;
The last, I hold, not quite so bold
As formerly was Herc'les.

---

* George, Earl of Cholmondley, a vain, empty man, shoved up so high by his father in law, Sir Robert Walpole, and fallen into contempt and obscurity by his own extravagance and insufficiency. He was Knight of the Bath, Lord of the Admiralty, and Master of the Horse, to the Prince of Wales.—W.

Lord Cholmondley has been borrowing money to buy damask for his fine room at Richmond. On his going in the crowd, a woman offered him roses, and said, "they are right damask, my Lord." He supposes she was put up to it.—W.

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And now, dear Gower, thou man of pow'r,
And comprehensive noddle:
Tho' you've the gout, yet as you're stout,
Why wa'n't you plac'd in saddle?
Then you might ride to either side,
Choose which king you 'ld serve under;
But, dear dragoon, change not too soon,
For fear of th' other blunder.

This faithful band shall ever stand,
Defend our faith's defender;
Shall keep us free from popery,
The French and the Pretender.
Now God bless all our ministry,
May they the crown environ,
To hold in chain whate'er Prince reign,
And rule with links of iron.

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SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS*

TO

EDWARD HUSSEY, ESQ.

STOP, stop, my steed! Hail, Cambria, hail,
With craggy clifts and darksome vale,
May no rude steps defile 'em!
Your poet with a vengeance sent
From London post, is hither bent,
To find a safe asylum.

---

* If Sir Charles had many superiors in poetry, he had none in the wit of his poetry; in conversation he was less natural, and overbearing; hated with the greatest good nature, and the most disinterested generosity, for fools dreaded his satire, few forgave his vanity. He had thrown up his place in some disgust: the loss of Mr. Winnington, and a quarrel with the Irish, occasioned by an Ode he wrote on the marriage of the Duchess of Manchester and Mr. Hussey, had driven him to shelter his discontents in a foreign embassy, where he displayed great talents for negotiation, and pleased as much by his letters as he had formerly by his poetry.—W.

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Bar, bar the doors, exclude e'en fear
Who prest upon my horse's rear,
And made the fleet still fleeter;
There shall my hurry'd soul repose,
And, undisturb'd by Irish prose,
Renew my lyric metre.

Thus Flaccus at Philippi field,
Behind him left his little shield,
And sculk'd in Sabine cavern:
Had I not wrote that cursed ode,
My coward heart I ne'er had show'd,
The jest of ev'ry tavern.

Ye guardians of Mercurial men,
I boast from you my sprightly pen,
I rhyme by your direction:
Why did you partial gifts impart?
You gave a head, but gave no heart,
No heart, for head's protection.

Hence 'tis my wit outruns my strength,
And scans each inch of Hussey's length,

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His length of sword forgetting;
Hence angry boys my rhyme provoke,
I ne'er (too serious proves the joke)
Can think on't without sweating.

What the Lieutenant* once deny'd
My inauspicious wit supply'd,
And forc'd me into action;
To me as to this scribe indite,
Hibernia's sons—I cannot write
To give them satisfaction.

Fool, could I sing for other's sport,
The taking of the duchess' fort,
And which the way to win her:
I, undisturb'd, my town enjoy'd,
Then (Nero like) with fire destroy'd,
In springing mines within her.

---

* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

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Oh! had I sung sweet roundelay,
Great George's birth, or new-year's day,
As innocent as Colley,*
Your other Pope (oh! hear, ye Nine)
He'd gladly all his odes resign,
And screen himself in folly.

Ah! since my fear has forc'd me hither,
I feel no more that sweet blue weather,
The Muses most delight in:
Dark, and more dark, each cloud impends,
And ev'ry message from my friends,
Conveys sad hints of fighting.

To harmless themes I'll tune my reed;
Listen, ye lambkins, whilst ye feed,
Ye shepherds, nymphs and fountains:
Ye bees, with soporiferous hums,
Ye pendent goats, if Hussey comes,
Convey me to your mountains.

---

* Colley Cibber, Poet Laureat.

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There may I sing secure, nor fear
Shall pull the songster by the ear,
T' advise me whilst I'm writing:
Or, if my satire will burst forth,
I'll lampoon parsons in my wrath,
Their cloth forbids them fighting.

Whene'er I think, can Williams brook
To sculk beneath this lonely nook,
And tamely bear what few will?
H—r—t like Priam's son appears,
Cries, as he shakes his bloody ears,
Beware of Irish Duel.

I flutter like Macbeth; arise
Strange scenes, and swim before my eyes,
Swords, pistols, bloody—shocking!
Whole crowds of Irish cross my view,
I feel th' involuntary dew,
Run trickling down my stocking.

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Sure sign how all's within, I trow;
Cornwall* once forc'd such streams to flow,
So dreadful he to meet is;
Should gentle Cornbury, Leicester, Bath,
Or drowsy Stanhope wake in wrath,
'Twould cause a diabetes.

Oh, Patrick, courage-giving saint,
Reverse my prayer thou late didst grant,
Or I'm for ever undone;
Rust all their pistols, break their swords,
And if they'll fight it out in words,
I'll come again to London.

---

* Velters Cornwall, Esq. of Mocas-Court, Herefordshire, and member for that County.

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An Epigram.

SIR Thomas, of Wentworth,* inflexibly good,
Had long Ministerial power withstood;
At length through ambition an Earl he was made,
So first lost his friends, and then lost his head;
So Pultney consider like his thy condition,
How great and how glorious thy long Opposition;
Thou art now made an Earl, have a care of thy head,
Our Pyms and our Hambdens are not all yet dead.

---

* Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford. The prosecution of Lord Strafford, or rather the manner in which it was carried on, is less justifiable. He was doubtless a great delinquent, and well-deserved the severest punishment; but nothing short of a clearly-proved case of self-defence, can justify or even excuse a departure from the sacred rules of criminal justice.—*Vide* Mr. Fox's History, *page* 10.

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A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

EARL OF BATH

AND HIS

COUNTESS.

TO the Earl said the Countess, what makes you so dull?

E. Because for your Ladyship I've played the fool.

C. For me? do you say, Sir; your Lordship I mean—

E. Ay, curse that damn'd title, 'tis that gives me spleen.

C. You have no sense of honour, no notions of glory—

E. Yours are, Polly Walpole* should not rank before ye;

---

* Lady Mary Walpole, natural daughter of Sir Robert, whom George II. allowed the rank of an Earl's daughter.

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For, more honour'd, we had been happier still,
Had you been plain Madam, and I been plain Will.

Lord Bath and Lord Sandys have had their pockets picked at Cuper's Gardens. I fancy it was no bad scene, the avarice and jealousy of their peeresses on their return. —W.

Grass grows just before my Lord Bath's door where nobody will visit.—W.

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TO THE

EARL OF BATH;

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

SAY, Earl of Bath, can you your friends deceive,
And them, tho' true, without reluctance leave?
Tell me, perfidious man, thou Lordling say,
Can you your friends forsake, and then betray?
Have not the pangs of guilt your bosom seized?
Think not with impious acts the Gods are pleased.
But these are thoughts which never plagued thy breast,
Who basely left us, and when much distrest.
What can we do against a race unjust,
Where find a man who 's faithful to his trust?
Our friendship you by false pretensions gain'd,
As if no danger in your breast remained;

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But now a traitor to the social tie,
Your actions give your former vows the lie;
Nor words nor deeds retracted longer bind,
Your words retracted, and your deeds are wind;
You may forget and live a wretch abhorr'd,
But know the Gods remember and record;
Faith well remembers, reverend Deity,
And will exact due penitence from thee.

(Written on the Earl of Bath's door in Piccadilly.)

Here dead to fame, lives patriot Will,
His grave a lordly seat;
His title proves his Epitaph,
His robes his winding-sheet.

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AN ODE

TO THE

HON. PHILIP YORKE:*

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

Ode xvi. *Book* ii.

FOR quiet, Yorke, the sailor cries,
When gathering storms obscure the skies,
The stars no more appearing;
The Candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of bumpers and huzzas,
Of blest Electioneering.

Who thinks that from the Speaker's chair,
The serjeant's mace can keep off care,

---

* He married the grand daughter and heiress of the Duke of Kent. He succeeded as second Earl of Hardwick, and was father of the Countess De Grey, and the Dowager Lady Grantham.

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Is wonderously mistaken;
Alas! he is not half so blest
As those who 've Liberty and rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

Why should we then to London run,
And quit our cheerful country sun,
For business, dirt, and smoke;
Can we by changing place and air,
Ourselves get rid of, or our care,
In truth 'tis all a joke.

Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,
And mounts behind the General's horse,
Outstrips Hussars and Pandours;
Far swifter than the flying hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or Cope* before Highlanders.

* Sir John Cope being reinforced by two regiments of Dragoons, amounting to near three thousand men, marched to give battle to the Pretender's army: but was attacked by two thousand four hundred Highlanders with such impetuosity, that, in less than ten minutes, they were totally routed. The Dragoons fled in the utmost confusion: all the infantry were either killed or taken.—*Smollett.*

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A man when once he 's safely chose,
Should laugh at all his threat'ning foes,
Nor think of future evil;
Each good has its attendant ill,
A seat is no bad thing, but still
Elections are the Devil.

Its gifts with hand impartial Heaven
Divides—To Orford* it was given,
To die in full-blown glory;
To Bath† indeed a longer life,
But though he lives, 'tis with his wife,
And shunn'd by Whig and Tory.

The Gods to you, with bounteous hand,
Have granted seats and parks, and land,
Brocades and silks you wear;
With Claret and ragouts you treat,
Six neighing steeds, with nimble feet,
Whirl on your gilded car.

---

* Robert Walpole, the second Earl, who died in the flower of his age, April 1751. He was auditor of the Exchequer, and was succeeded by the Earl of Lincoln.

† Wm. Pultney, Earl of Bath.

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To me they've given a small retreat,
Good Port and Mutton, best of meat,
With broad-cloth on my shoulders;
A soul that scorns a dirty job,
Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean that 's not freeholders.

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THE CAPUCHIN:

A NEW BALLAD,

To the Tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

(Written in September 1742.*)*

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi sæpe vocandus.

WHO at Paris has been,
Has a Mendicant seen,
Who for charity follows to dun ye;
Offer him what you will,
He refuses it still,
For he has sworn that he'll never touch money.

But near him one stands,
With two open hands,
(A Creature that follows for hire)
Any gifts that you make,
He'll readily take,
And at night he accounts with the friar.

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So the great Earl of Bath,
Has sworn, in his wrath,
That he'll never accept of a place;
Neither Chancellor he,
Nor Treasurer will be,
And refuses the seal and the mace.

But near him a crowd,
Stand bawling aloud,
For all that two courts* can afford;
And 'tis very well known,
That for them what is done,
Is the same as if done for my Lord.

But I'm told, noble peer,
Lest these things should take air,
And with dirt all mankind should upbraid ye;
That you try a new way,
'Tis as safe I dare say,
And make them account with my Lady.

---

* St. James's and Leicester-House.

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But indeed this won't do,
And the world will see through,
And your character still will bespatter;
Mind th' advice that I send,
For I'm so much your friend,
That I'm sure, you can't say, that I flatter.

There's my good Lord of Gower,*
Is n't a quarter come o'er,
And I fancy you'll find he wants zeal;
If he don't come plum in,
And vote thro' thick and thin,
Turn him out, and be made Privy Seal.

Don't slight this advice,
Nor affect to be nice,

---

* Lord Gower was a comely man of form, had never had any sense, and was now superannuated; he had been educated a stiff Jacobite, and elected their chief on his first coming into the King's service, and had twice taken the privy seal before he could be induced to change his principles; by the intrigues of the Earl of Sandwich, Colonel John Waldgrave stole Lord Gower's daughter, and the marriage was performed at Lord Sandwich's at the Admiralty.—W.

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Laugh at *Votes** that obstruct your great ends;
For an oath's but a joke,
To one that has broke
Through all honour and ties with his friends.

Fly to Cart'ret and Pelham,†
You'll still go on, tell'em,
All honest men's hope to defeat;
To Crown your disgrace,
They 'll give you this place,
And your character will be complete.

---

* Every intelligent reader will have in his thoughts eight or ten of the ablest men and greatest geniuses of this kingdom, such as Harry Vane, Harry Furnes, Lord Limerick, Sir John Rushout, Mr. Hobart, Samuel Sandys, Mr. Bootle, Mr. Gibbon, &c. &c.—W.

† It is extraordinary that Mr. Pelham, who had not so much levity in his character, should consent to be an accomplice in his brother's treacheries, especially as, upon every interval of rivalship, the Duke grew jealous of him: the truth was, Mr. Pelham, who had as much envy in his temper, and still more fondness for power, was willing to take advantage of his brother's fickleness, and reaped all the emolument without incurring the odium of it.—W.

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AN ODE

TO

LORD LIMERICK:

(Written in Nov. 1742.)

Raro antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede Pana claudo.

THOUGH for this time you're not my theme,
Lord Bath! my zeal's for you the same,
As constant and as fervent;
And don't imagine I am gone,
If for a moment I step down,
To Teague your *Irish Servant.*

My humble lyre when late I strung,
And to the new-made Statesman sung,
I didn't, I assure ye,
Intend that it should be your lot,
To be the only one forgot,
Great Foreman of the Jury.

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I should have done it t'other day,
(For I have much plain truth to say)
Which you'll call foul aspersion;
But had no place to put you in,
So you must be as you have been,
O'er paid with a reversion.

What made our Ministers or King,
Give such a creature, such a thing,
Say Clio, I desire ye;
Into the cause enquiry make,
If 'tis but for his lordship's sake,
For my Lord loves inquiry.

Three different merits in this realm,
Allege their claims to hold the helm,
And rule this stubborn state;
Illustrious birth has some pretence,
Strong always is the claim of sense,
And property has weight.

Not one of these in you appear,
My lord, ev'n your great name's not clear,

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'Tis bad as well as good,
It takes all ranks in and all sizes,
From footmen, and from chairmen rises
Up to Scotch Royal Blood.

As to your parts all parties own,
(In this uniting) that you've none;
And when your lordship's prating,
Contempt in ev'ry face appears,
Ev'n th' equilibrious Speaker sneers,
At such sad low debating.

In England (for a truth I say 't),
You've neither int'rest nor estate,
Go then most fit and willing;
To serve a court lay any Tax,
No matter if it breaks our backs,
It won't cost you one shilling.

Thus, as no merit you can plead,
You've chose in a new path to tread,

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And urg'd a bold pretence;
After the true old Irish way,
As juryman you ask'd for pay,
And as an Evidence.

My Lord of Bath allow'd your plea,
But should have chose some other way,
And kept you still attendant;
For Harry Vane himself would own,
'Twas wickedly and weakly done,
To make you independent.

One stanza more and I have done,
Heav'n long preserve Lord Palmerston,*
And since for life he's in;
You must like other sinners stay,
Till death, or his, or your's shall pay,
The wages of your sin.

---

* The first Viscount Palmerston: he was appointed chief remembrancer of the Irish Exchequer for life.

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AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EARL OF BATH:

April 1743.

WHEN last I sung, I promis'd then,
If Clio smil'd, to write again,
Reflection to renew;
And by this Ode my lord you'll find,
Tho' you break yours with all mankind,
I keep my word with you.

And sure the most judicious muse,
A prop'rer theme could never chuse,
To answer her intention:
Each day so variously you act,
She 's never at a loss for fact,
Or tortur'd for invention.

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But do aspiring thoughts return,
And does again ambition burn,
Would the dead embers blaze?
And dar'st thou hope that courts or pow'r,
Thy reputation can restore,
Or thy sunk credit raise?

'Tis av'rice prompts you, but in vain,
You strive that Treasury to regain,
Which you let slip last year;
To that, while yet his country's friend,
Th' unspotted Comm'ner might pretend,
But not the tainted peer.

For who'll confirm the high-flown choice,
Do you expect the people's voice,
Will the court do the thing?
No; by your own superior parts,
Tho' you have lost the people's hearts,
You have not gain'd the King.

On what foundation would'st thou stand?
Who will reach out a helping hand?

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We ne'er can trust you more;
And Walpole's party won't forget,
The urger of their leader's fate,
The spoiler of his pow'r.

Hopes of success you see are vain,
And would'st thou launch thy bark again,
In the decline of life?
From whence can all this madness flow?
These are the counsels of some foe,
Or of that *friend*, your wife.

'Tis she presents you with the views
Her av'rice paints, say, knowing muse,
Thou 'rt not afraid to tell it;
'Tis she that thinks (mistaken dame)
You 've still some remnant left of fame,
And prudently would sell it.

But should compliance still prevail,
And you set up yourself to sale,

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Her sage advice to follow;
From ev'ry side you'll meet disgrace,
The King won't buy you* with a place,
The people with a hollo!

---

* Mr. Pultney was the great rival of Sir Robert Walpole, whose power he so long opposed, and at last overturned, and was undone with it. His virtue failed the moment his inveteracy was gratified. The patriot's private vices, which the party would not see while he led them, were exposed and magnified by them the instant he deserted them; he had not judgment and resolution enough to engross the power which he had forfeited his credit and character to obtain; his ambition, treachery, irresolution, timidity, and want of judgment were baffled and taken advantage of by the Duke of Newcastle, who had all those vices in a stronger proportion.—W.

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TO THE

EARL OF BATH,

OCCASIONED BY A LATE PAMPHLET, INTITULED "FACTION DETECTED."*

(Written at Maddington Sept. 1748, and sent from thence and printed in the Daily Post.)

YOUR sheets I've perus'd,
Where the Whigs you've abus'd,

---

* It was written by Lord Egmont.

John Perceval, second Earl of Egmont, had gained his greatest reputation by opposing the Mutiny Bill, and he was not a man to forget, or let any body else forget, where his strength lay.—W.

His great talent was indefatigable application, which he loved rather than wanted; for his parts were strong and manly.—W.

On the Pamphlet called "Faction Detected."

Libel born to endless shame,
Big with the foulest lies;
Thy Patrons, Authors, thee disclaim,
Thy enemies despise.
All treat thee at the self-same rate,
The many and the few;
And parties that each other hate,
Agree in hating you.

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And on Tories have falsely reflected;
But, my Lord, I'm afraid,
From all that's there said,
'Tis you, and not they, are *detected*.

Both parties, I hear,
Most freely declare,
That 'tis not approv'd of by either;
If 'tis damn'd, then, by both,
It must be the growth
Of somebody who is of neither.

'Tis easy to name,
From what quarter it came,
And the thing of itself stands confest;
'Tis that pitiful crew,
Of your creatures and you,
Whom both parties scorn and detest.

But stay, let me see,
Which tool could it be,

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That such a huge book could indite;
For of all those you made,
If there's one that can read,
I'm sure there's not one that can write.

'Tis above poor Sir John,*
Nor by Sands could be done,
And Bootle's too stupid and dark;
Ord hardly reads well,
Jeff† never could spell,
And you know Harry Vane, sets his mark.

Then since all your tools,
Are such ignorant fools,
It must be your lordship's own doing;
You have taken your *plie*,
But you'll soon own with me,
That you've settled yourself in your ruin.

---

* Sir John Rushout.—W.

† John Jeffreys, secretary to the Treasury.—W.

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As diff'rent winds blew,
Like the weather-cock you
Long waver'd both parties betwixt;
But did not you know,
That weather-cocks grow
Quite useless the moment they're fix'd ?

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TO THE

EARL OF BATH,

(*Written at Maddington, Sept.* 1748.)

OH, sigh no more at your disgrace,
Nor grieve that Pelham has the place,
False, shuffling Earl of Bath;
Alter your batt'ries, change your view,
More safe, less open ways pursue,
Nor tread in Musgrave's path.

He once, my lord, his party sold,
Unluckily for too much gold,
You know the story well;
And therefore be not such a fool,
To cram your money-bag too full,
Lest it should break and tell.*

* Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke;
And jingling down the backstairs told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."—W.

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You've liv'd so long that you despise,
Levees and flatt'rers, pimps and spies,
And ministerial state;
You know that money is the thing,
That does substantial comforts bring,
And makes one truly great.

Leave then the garter, staff, and key,
To empty lords who ev'ry day
Compose St. James's mob;
But ev'ry future year of life,
Do you, to please yourself and wife,
Obtain some gainful job.

The lottery this year prov'd good,
Where you subscrib'd for what you would,
Thro' your own treas'rers bounties;
Indeed 'twas pretty piddling there,
'Twas twenty thousand guineas clear,
To you, and your damn'd Countess.

You manag'd the affair so well,
That Israel's sons own you excel,

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Their money-getting crew;
And cheated Gideon* was surprised,
How one that was not circumcis'd,
Could be so great a Jew.

---

* Mr. Sampson Gideon, father of the present Lord Eardley, who bequeathed his vast estates, in case of his race failing, to the Duke of Devonshire.

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AN ODE

FROM THE

EARL OF BATH.

——*Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.*—HOR.

SHALL these mad efforts of indignant foes,
My name to blacken, break my mind's repose;
What 's the base murmuring of the people's breath,
To the high sounds of Lord and Earl of Bath:
At their first patriot they roar and rave,
And call me Hypocrite, and call me knave;
For I who Pultney was, am Pultney still,
In form tho' varying, fixt in principle;
The principle from which I ne'er did swerve,
Has ever urged me my dear self to serve;
With titles honour'd, and large wealth increas'd,
My pride I pamper and my avarice feast:

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Let patriots for themselves unskill'd to crave,
For sake of virtue, sake of justice starve;
High joy'd I smile when they frown at my ways,
And while they hiss me, clap to my own
praise.

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A NEWER ODE THAN THE LAST.

Ad Hominem
Iterum iterum movebo.

GREAT Earl of Bath,
Be not in wrath,
At what the people say;
Bob was abused,
And roughly used—
Each dog must have his day.

'Tis true you are
A man of war,
Of courage stout and try'd;
It was, we know,
But word and blow,
When honour seem'd your guide.

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Lord Fanny* once
Did play the dunce,
And challeng'd you to fight;
And he so stood,
To lose his blood,
But had a dreadful fright.

Poor member Ned,
Said something bad,
And wrote it down to York;
Your sword you drew,
And at him flew,
And fought like any Turk.

---

* Lord Hervey, who fought a duel with Mr. Pultney. He being turned out of place turned patriot, and made three fine orations against the repeal of the Gin Act. Sir Charles Williams made a couple of ballads on the occasion, with much wit, to ridicule both Sandys and Lord Hervey. —W.

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No man so dread,
That wore a head,
Durst either speak or write
Things, to dispraise
Your virtuous ways,
But draw he must, and fight.

Tho' once so brave,
I'll call you knave,
And show you 're courage-bound;
For if you dare
With me to war,
You must the nation round.

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The following Character of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE* *was drawn from the Life by* SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, *Knight of the Bath, in an Epistle to the Right Honourable* HENRY FOX.

BUT Orford's self I've seen, whilst I have read,
Laugh the heart's laugh, and nod th' approving head.
Pardon, great Shade! if, duteous, on thy hearse
I hang my grateful tributary verse:
If I, who followed through thy various day,
Thy glorious zenith, and thy bright decay,
Now strew thy tomb with flowers, and o'er thy urn,
With England, Liberty, and Envy, mourn.
His soul was great and dar'd not but do well,
His noble pride still urg'd him to excel;

---

* Sir Robert Walpole was killed by Jurin's Medicine for the stone.—W.

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Above the search of gold, if in his heart
Ambition govern'd, Av'rice had no part.
A genius to explore untrodden ways,
Where prudence sees no track nor ever strays;
Which books and schools, in vain attempt to
teach,
And which laborious art can never reach.
Falsehood and flattery, and the tricks of Court,
He left to Statesmen of a meaner sort;
Their cloaks and smiles were offer'd him in vain,
His acts were justice, which he dar'd maintain,
His words were truth, and held them in disdain.
Open to friends, and e'en to foes sincere,
Alike remote from jealousy and fear;
Tho' Envy's howl, tho' Faction's hiss, he heard,
Tho' senates frown'd, tho' death itself appear'd;
Calmly he view'd them, conscious that his ends
Were right, and Truth and Innocence his friends.
Thus was he form'd to govern and to please;
Familiar greatness, dignity with ease,
Compos'd his frame; admir'd in every state,
In private amiable, in public great,

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Gentle in power, but daring in disgrace,
His love was liberty, his wish was peace.
Such was the man that smil'd upon my lays :
And what can heighten thought, or genius raise,
Like praise from him whom all mankind must
praise ;
Whose knowledge, courage, temper, all surpris'd,
Whom many lov'd, few hated, none despis'd.*

---

* Sir Robert Walpole was bold, open, steady ; never dejected ; he never gave up his party to serve himself ; he was content to have one great, honest view, and would overlook or trample on the intermediate degrees ; he raised himself to the head of administration without interest, without fortune, and without alliances. His mastery was, understanding the interest of his own country : with the greatest confidence of himself he had no pride ; he loved magnificence, and was generous to a fault ; his friendship was chiefly confined to persons much below him.—W.

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BRITANNIA'S GHOST

TO THE

EARL OF BATH.

WHILE Pultney, seeking lost repose,
His downy pillow prest;
Fresh horrors in his soul arose,
And further banish'd rest.

For, lo, Britannia by his side,
All ghastly pale and wan,
Thus in deep doleful accent cry'd;
" Oh, base perfidious man!

" How can'st thou hope that balmy sleep
" Should close thy guilty eyes;
" When all Britannia's sons must weep
" Her fall'n thy sacrifice.

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" Long had she trusted to thine aid,
" Against her bosom foe;
" Depending on the vows you made,
" To ward the fatal blow.

" Hence she each traitor had suppresst,
" Or boldly had defy'd;
" Till leaning on her Guardian's breast,
" His treacherous arm she spy'd.

" 'And art thou Pultney?' said she, 'fie!
" 'Thou of the traitor crew!
" 'Nay, brave Cæsar like I'll die,
" 'Since Brutus lives in you.'

" But, oh, why must Britannia bleed,
" To sate Ambition's flame;
" Ah, titles thence you 'll gain indeed,
" But gain with endless shame.

" How can you e'er atonement make,
" For all your broken vows?—
" Why, cancel your late grand mistake,
" Her interest to espouse.

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" So shall her genius yet revive,
" You barter guilt for fame;
" She shall revere you when alive,
" When dead, adore your name."

" Ah! too," he said, " too false I've prov'd,
" Too fickle vile a thing,
" Ever to be sincerely loved,
" By Country, Court, or King."

Hereat the spectre disappear'd,
But Conscience in its stead;
Dire cursing legions quickly reared,
Round his devoted head.

Then to his wife he, raving, cried,
" Thou daughter of perdition;
" Britannia's ruin'd by thy pride;
" I'm damn'd by thy ambition!"

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AN ODE

FROM

FAME

TO THE

EARL OF BATH.

Audivere, Lyce, dii mea vota, dii
Audivere, Lyce; fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri,
Ludisque et bibis, impudens.

HE is grown old; he is abhorr'd,
Whom falsely once all men ador'd;
I thank you, gods, for so you ought
To stamp the man who merits nought.
And yet to bribe the goddess Fame,
No art by him is left untry'd;
So great is Bubo's want of shame,
His drunkenness and pride.
But know 'tis P——t that goddess seeks,
His shining virtues claim her choice;
For him alone her trumpet speaks,
For him alone is heard her voice.

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For streams more crystal than her skies,
The goddess flies from dirty Bath;*
Oh, Bubo, thou art fill'd with lies,
O, Virtue, he has left thy path!
Nor title can nor strings of blue,
Nor wealth immense thy fame restore;
Nor heav'nly peace of mind renew—
What Time has buried is no more!
Where is the man who next to Wyndham† shone
The Nation's column and the Senate's pride?
Where is the Patriot the Camillus gone?
Of true applause where now the levelling tide?
But Wyndham dy'd while credit bloom'd,
Cursed, O Bubo, is thy fate;
An aged raven thou art doom'd,
The world's contempt—not worth its hate.

---

* Pultney, Earl of Bath.

† Sir William Wyndham, father of the first Earl of Egremont.

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THE

PATRIOT PARROT:

A Fable.

A ZEALOUS Patriot had a parrot taught,
To mimic sound, to prattle his own thought;
" Rogues all, rogues all," was Poll's eternal tone,
" Rogues all, rogues all," who e'er approach a throne.
How well the master judged, how well the bird,
Critics decide—the master is preferr'd;
Servile he cringes, fawns, adores the throne,
But honest Poll still keeps her honest tone.
" Rogues all, rogues all," is her eternal song,
" Rogues all, rogues all," who 're slaves the court among!

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" Curse on this noisy bird," the patriot cries;
" Rogues all, rogues all," still honest Poll replies.
" Tom, take the bird, wring off his neck, for hoarse,
" Hoarse is as raven's croak his voice, and worse."
" Rogues all, rogues all," still honest Poll replied—
Who more a patriot lived than Poll, or dy'd?

The Moral.

From Poll's heroic soul let Statesmen see,
With their first lesson should their last agree;
The bird disdain'd his servile master's wrath—
Was it the bird of Sandys,* or of Bath?†

---

* Samuel, first Lord Sandys.—Thus Sandys thinks he has spoken an Epigram when he crinkles up his nose and lays a smart accent on *Ways* and *Means*.—W.

† Wm. Pultney, Earl of Bath.

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AN EPITAPH

ON THE POLITICAL MEMORY OF

WILLIAM PULTNEY, EARL OF BATH;

Who died to Fame, July 15th, 1742.

PULTNEY, no friend to truth, in fraud sincere,
In act unfaithful, and from honour clear;
Who broke his promise, served his private ends,
Who gain'd a title, and who lost all friends;
Dishonour'd by himself, by none approv'd,
Curs'd, scorn'd, and hated, e'en by those he lov'd.

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A BALLAD:

IN IMITATION OF "WILLIAM AND MARGARET,"

ADDRESSED TO

WM. EARL OF BATH.

'TWAS in the hour when guiltless care
Is lull'd in soft repose;
When nothing wakes, save fell despair,
Beset with cureless woes.
Inviting sleep, lo, William lay,
The down he vainly prest;
Honour, alas! had soar'd away,
And shame had poisoned rest.
Britannia, with that stern regard
That conscious worth puts on,
Before his frantic eye appear'd,
And pierc'd him with a groan.
Her cheek had lost its rosy bloom,
And languid roll'd her eye;
This once could brighten midnight gloom,
That shame the Tyrian dye.

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The laurel wreath, by glory's hand
Twin'd round her awful brow,
As what her grief and rage disdain'd,
She rent in fury now.
Away she hurl'd her boasted shield,
Away her useless spear;
What joys to slaves, can trophies yield,
What pride the pomp of war.
" Behold the dire effects," she cried,
" Of William's perjured truth!
" Behold the Orphan, who relied
" On a false guardian's oath.
" How couldst thou with a lover's zeal,
" My widow'd cause espouse,
" Yet quit that cause, you serv'd so well,
" In scorn of all thy vows?
" How couldst thou swear, wealth, titles, power,
" Thy candour would disclaim;
" Yet barter, in an evil hour,
" That candour for a name?

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" How couldst thou win my easy heart,
" A patriot to believe?
" How could I know, but by the smart,
" A patriot would deceive?
" Bethink thee of thy broken trust,
" Thy vows to me unpaid;
" Thy honour humbled in the dust,
" Thy country's weal betrayed.
" For this may all my vengeance fall
" On thy devoted head;
" Living be thou the scorn of all,
" The curse of all when dead."
This said, while thunder round her broke,
She vanished into air;
And William's horror while she spoke,
Was followed by despair.

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ON THE ARRIVAL

OF

GENERAL OGLETHORPE.*

ARRIVE in safety all ye Heroes brave,
That from America survive the grave;
Let Fame cry fraud, ill-conduct, or neglect,
No Inquisition Britons now expect.
Since Orford loaded with an age of crimes,
Escapes insulting, these degenerate times:
Since Bath, that great Paladium, till of late,
Defends each vice in Ministers of State:
Well may these Ministers remit the scores
Of Generals, Admirals, and Commodores.

* It was uncertain whether he was a Whig or a Jacobite, whether very brave or a coward; for he had fought several duels, and had run away in the Rebellion. He was a troublesome, tiresome, speaker, but now and then tempered with good sense.—W.

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HOR. LIB. II. ODE XVI.—*Otium Divos, &c.*

IMITATED:

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF BATH.

IN each ambitious measure crost,
Each friend that should support you lost,
By Faction's tempest rudely tost:
  At length you ask the gods for ease.
But what avails your pious care,
Your heart pour'd out in endless prayer,
Ease is not venal tho' you are,
  As wealth may tempt, or titles please.

For not the Treasurer, Staff, and all
That Orford grasp'd before his fall,
Or his successor Pelham shall,
  Can ease the self-devoted mind.
Care flies into the rooms of State,
Nor can the slaves that on him wait
Drive the curst phantom from the Gate:
  Care stays, when none else dare, behind.

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How happier at his frugal board
Lives the plebian tho' no lord,
His father's wealth his only hoard;
  Who acts within his proper sphere;
Whilst honest Morpheus o'er his brows,
His choicest wildest poppies strows,
And sleep, the gods best gift, bestows,
  Unbroke by avarice or fear.

Why flies our arrow to those heights?
Our feeble thread spun by the Fates,
Each hour the fatal Scissars waits,
  Nor will one moment's pause afford!
We bustle to be raised on high,
New lands explore, new suns descry,
Alas! 'twere well could self, too, fly,
  And lose the squire in the lord.

Beyond the present hour forbear,
The following is not worth your care;
In life's contracted span how rare,

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To see one man completely blest!
See, Orford wisely laying down,
Nor giving foes one parting frown,
Whilst peace his latest hours shall crown;
And good old Wilmington at rest.

With twice ten thousand pounds a year,
You yet may live, and taste good cheer,
Tho' you 'll ne'er be Lord Treasurer,
So you repent you of that sin;
Whilst I, as others will, no doubt,
When * * * * returns with many a shout,
Shall laugh to see your friends trot out,
As shamefully as they came in.

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WYNDHAM AND PULTNEY;

OR THE

VISION AT BATH.

BATH, vex'd with courts, the country sought,
To ease his troubled mind;
But little dreamt the angry Peer,
More trouble there to find.

He strove to lay aside all cares,
Ev'n those for wealth or fame;
Nor brought a spark of malice down,
Except against the game.

The live-long day in sport he spent,
His toils surviv'd the light;
And yet, tho', wearied, home he came,
He slept not sound at night.

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Oh, Thought, thou busy, restless thing,
In Peasant and in Peer;
How durst thou plague so great a man,
Who holds his peace so dear?

A man so great, three nations once,
Did on his steps attend;
Ev'n Statesmen trembled at his frown,
And Kings to him did bend.

Yet him, at times, thou durst reproach,
Durst tax him with his deeds;
Thus boldly should a man presume,
For his offence he bleeds.

To stir his soul, yet 'scape his ire,
An act he would not boast,
Knowing no mortal venture might,
Thought introduced a ghost.

The night was as Corruption dark,
Like Justice, mankind slept;
When to his lordship's working brain,
This dreadful Vision crept.

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His mind revolving vast events,
His conscience Fancy caught;
And sudden to his aching sight,
Great Wyndham's * shadow brought.

With awful grandeur stalk'd the spright,
With terror shook the Peer;
When thus, the dread harangue begun,
He heard or seem'd to hear.

" Oh, Pultney! listen, Wyndham speaks,
" To him and truth attend;
" Who, living, still your cause espous'd,
" And now in death your friend.

" How bright thy thought, thy words how free,
" How upright seem'd thy soul:
" As if no hope thy heart could seize,
" Nor any fear control.

---

* Sir William Wyndham.

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" Why didst thou seem so wise and good,
" And yet but act a part;
" Why, when applauded for that skill,
" Did it not touch thy heart?

" How, once believing Virtue fair,
" Be to her cause untrue;
" Or fancy, after acting thus,
" A title was thy due?

" Why justice seek, why fraud expose,
" If this you did not mean?
" Or having both to light reveal'd,
" Why, after, turn a screen?

" How could you zealous seem for right,
" While meditating wrong?
" Or how believe, an ill-got pow'r
" Should e'er continue long?

" By friends admir'd, by nations lov'd,
" Like Cato's, Pultney's name;
" How could'st thou slight so great a good,
" How fool away such fame?

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" How sprightly Stanhope* could you quit,
" Deceive the great Argyle?
" How cheat the generous-hearted Pitt;
" Sir William† how beguile?

" How slight thy faith, how break thy word,
" Thy country how undo?
" Who'd from a Briton this expect?
" Of Britons all from you.

" Ah! foolish man, to barter fame,
" For titles' tinsel grace!
" And poorly sell thy own desert,
" To dignify thy race.

" Yet know that this thou can'st not do,
" 'Tis Virtue gives a name;
" For titles if they 're basely got,
" Are but entails of shame."

The cock had crow'd, the morning dawn'd,
And clowns began to wake;
Before the chief could from his view,
This dreadful Vision shake.

* Earl of Chesterfield. † Sir Wm. Stanhope.

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Then up he started from his bed,
And hurried back to town;
Where his return made as much noise
As did his going down.

But tho' his body changed its place,
Yet, as arch Horace writes,
His mind was just, still where it was,
He could not sleep at nights.

He bus'ness hates, forgets the post,
From council stays away;
And what made people stare at most,
He miss'd the King's birth-day.

Since then he sullen is, or sad,
Of great affairs makes light;
Talks much of being what he was,
And setting all things right.

Now God preserve our glorious King,
And send his Bishops grace;
Keeping all Lords for evermore,
From Bath's unhappy case

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TO

MR. GARNIER

AND

MR. PEARCE OF BATH.

A GRATEFUL ODE,

In return for the extraordinary kindness and humanity they shewed to me and my eldest daughter, now Lady Essex, 1753.*

I.

WHAT glorious verse from Love has sprung?
How well has Indignation sung?

---

* Mother of George Capel Coningsby, the 5th and present Earl of Essex, and of Elizabeth Lady Monson, widow of John, the third Lord. Her Ladyship died 19th July, 1759, in childbed.—*Isaac Reed.*

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And can the gentle Muse,
Whilst in her once-belov'd abode
I stray, and suppliant kneel, an ode
To Gratitude refuse?

II.

Garnier, my friend, accept this verse,
And thou receive, well-natur'd Pearce,
All I can give of Fame:
Let others other subjects sing,
Some murd'rous chief, some tyrant king,
Humanity 's my theme.

III.

Whilst arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verse on such a theme your due,
To whom indulgent heav'n
Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,
By you so rightly understood,
Judiciously has giv'n.

IV.

Behold, obedient to your pow'r,
Consuming fevers rage no more,

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Nor chilling agues freeze;
The cripple dances, freed from pain,
The deaf in raptures hear again,
The blind, transported, sees.

V.

Health, at your call, extends her wing,
Each healing plant, each friendly spring,
Its various pow'r discloses;
O'er death's approaches you prevail,
See Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,
Blooms with returning roses.

VI.

These gifts, my friends, which shine in you,
Are rare, yet to some chosen few
Heav'n has the same assign'd;
Health waits on Mead's prescription still,
And Hawkins' hand, and Ranby's skill,
Are blessings to mankind.

VII.

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
Which for another's wounds can bleed,

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Another's grief can feel;
The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
Your natures catch, and make your own,
And share the pains you heal.

VIII.

But why to them, Hygeia, why
Dost thou thy cordial drop deny
Who but for others live;
Oh, goddess, hear my pray'r, and grant
That these that health may never want,
Which they to others give.

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HOR. LIB. I. ODE XXX.—*O Venus! Regina, Cnida Paphosq. &c.*

PARAPHRASED BY

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS,

AS

GENERAL CHURCHILL'S*

ADDRESS TO VENUS.†

(Written in December 1739: MR. CHURCHILL *being just then made Deputy Ranger of St. James's Park, under* LORD WEYMOUTH.)

O VENUS, joy of men, and gods,
Leave for awhile thy blest abodes,

---

* General Charles Churchill, natural son of a Brother of the great Duke of Marlborough. This Ode was the first production that made Sir C. H. Williams known as a Poet. He had written before many bad verses, particularly an Epistle to Mr. G. Lyttleton, beginning with these two wretched lines———

"Dear George, since now you're at that time of life,
"In which your friends would have you take a wife."
[*H. Walpole.*]

† *Vide.*—The imitation of "O Venus, Regina."

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And come and visit my land:
Propitious, on thy vot'ry smile,
Quit Paphos, and the Cyprian isle,
And reign in my Duck island.

Thee, goddess, thee, my pray'rs invoke;
To thee alone my altars smoke;
O treat me not with rigor:
Thy wanton son bring with thee too,
My dying embers he'll renew,
And give me back fresh vigor.

Bring too the Graces to my arms,
Girls that are prodigal of charms,
Of every favour lavish:
Melting and yielding let them be;
Consider I am sixty-three,
And that's too old to ravish.

Let florid youth attend thy train;
Much wanted by thy crazy swain;

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And dearest Venus prithee,
To crown my gifts, and ease my pain,
Since Ward has labour'd long in vain
Let Mercury come with thee.

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A LAMENTABLE CASE.

SUBMITTED TO THE

BATH PHYSICIANS.

YE fam'd physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
Nor think that I am joking;
When she would, he can not comply,
When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her breast,
With fondly-folding arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With rising flames young Strephon burns,

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And then, wou'd fain be doing:
But Chloe, now asleep or sick,
Has no great relish for the trick,
And sadly balks his wooing.

O cruel and disast'rous case,
When in the critical embrace
~~That~~ One only one is burning!
Dear doctors, set this matter right,
Give Strephon spirits over night,
Or Chloe in the morning.

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A BALLAD:

(Written in June 1748.)

SOME think Lord Carteret* bears the sway,
And rules the kingdom, and the king;
The Lord of Bath does, others say,
And others swear 'tis no such thing.

That 'tis Lord Wilmington, no doubt,
Directs this nation, Cary† boasts;
But in their guesses, they're all out,
We're govern'd by the Lord of Hosts.

---

* Lord Carteret was created Earl of Granville, his person was handsome, open, and engaging; his eloquence rapid and pompous: he was an extensive Scholar, Master of Classic criticism, and modern politics: it is difficult to say, whether he was oftener intoxicated with wine or ambition: in fits of the former he shewed contempt for every body; in rants of the latter for truth.—W.

His genius was magnificent and lofty; his heart without gall or friendship, for he never tried revenge on his enemies, or wished to serve his friends.—W.

† A particular friend and adviser of the Earl of Wilmington's.

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A moment's patience, and I'll prove
The argument I'm now pursuing;
Who is there, but the Lord above,
That knoweth what this nation's doing.

Whether the war goes on with Spain,
In which so many Britons fell;
And what our fleets do on the main,
The Lord, and only he, can tell.

The Lord, and he alone doth know,
How taxes will be rais'd this year;
The Lord knows how much 'tis we owe,
And the Lord knows, when we shall be clear.

The Lord knows how our army 'll fare,
We're govern'd by the Lord knows who;
Our king* is gone, the Lord knows where,
And the Lord knows what we shall do.

---

* The King was then abroad at Hanover.

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ON THE
PRINCESS* GOING TO ST. JAMES'S
IN FEBRUARY 1741-2.

WHEN to each other's fond embrace,
The son and father came;
Both parties lik'd the thing so much,
That they too did the same.

---

* The reconciliation between the Royalties is finished, and £.50,000 a year more added to the Heir Apparent's revenue; he will have money now to tune up Glover, Thomson, and Dodsley.—W.

Frederic, Prince of Wales, his chief passion was women; but like the rest of his race, beauty was not a necessary ingredient. Miss **** whom he had debauched without loving, and who had been debauched without loving him, so well as either Lord Harrington or Lord Hervey, who both pretended to her first favours, had no other charms than being a maid of honour, who was willing to cease to be so upon the first opportunity. Of his favourites, Lady Archibald Hamilton, had been neither young nor handsome within his memory; and Lady Middlesex was short, plain, and very yellow; vain, full of Greek and Latin, music, and painting.—W.

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Strange miracle! sure future times
Will scarce believe these stories;
Lions may couple now with lambs,
When Whigs embrace with Tories.

But disappointments very soon
Will lessen this affection;
And tho' now party names are dead,
They'll have a resurrection.

And when the day of judgment comes,
To loosen these embraces;
Then some shall go and gnash their teeth,
And some to happy places.

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HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

IMITATED IN

AN ODE

FROM

PAUL FOLEY

TO

NICHOLAS FAZAKERLEY.*

Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.—VIRG.

NEVER, dear Faz, torment thy brain,
With idle fears of France or Spain,

---

* Fazakerley was a tiresome Jacobite lawyer. He distinguished himself by opposing the Marriage clause in the Regency bill; he supported the Bill for Subsidiary Treaties in the time of peace; he likewise distinguished himself in opposing the Marriage bill, 1753; he headed the Tories at a meeting at the Horns Tavern, respecting the St. Mitchel Election; wherein he declared, that that election was not to be decided by its merits, but was a contest for power between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox.—W.

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Or any thing that's foreign;
What can Bavaria do to us?
What Prussia's monarch, or the Russ?
Or ev'n Prince Charles of Loraine?

Let us be cheerful whilst we can,
And lengthen out the short-liv'd span,
Enjoying ev'ry hour;
The moon itself we see decay,
Beauty 's the worse for ev'ry day,
So is the sweetest flow'r.

How oft, dear Faz, have we been told,
That Paul and Faz are both grown old,
By young and wanton lasses!
Then since our time is now so short,
Let us enjoy the only sport
Of tossing off our glasses.

From White's we'll move th' expensive scene,
And steal away to Richmond Green:

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There, free from noise and riot,
Polly each morn shall fill our tea,
Spread bread and butter, and then we
Each night get drunk in quiet.

Unless perchance Earl Leicester comes,
As noisy as a dozen drums,
And makes a horrid pother:
Else might we quiet sit and quaff,
And gently chat, and gayly laugh
At this, and that, and t'other.

Bradshaw shall settle what's to pay,
Adjust accounts by Algebra:
I always order dinner:
Bradshaw, tho' solemn, yet is sly,
And leers at Poll with roguish eye,
To make the girl a sinner.

Powell (d'ye hear), let's have the ham,
Some chickens, and a chine of lamb;

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And what else—let's see—look ye,
Bradshaw must have his damn'd bouilli;
Bath fattens on his fricassée;
I'll have my water-suchy.

When dinner comes, we'll drink about,
(No matter who is in or out)
Till wine or sleep o'ertake us;
Each man may nod, or nap, or wink;
And when it is our turn to drink,
Our neighbour then shall wake us.

Thus let us live in soft retreat,
Nor envy nor despise the great;
Submit to pay our taxes;
With peace or war we'll be content,
Till eas'd by a good parliament,
Till Stanhope's hand relaxes.

Never enquire about the Rhine,
But fill your glass and drink your wine,

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Hope things may mend in Flanders.
The Dutch we know are good allies;
So are they all, with subsidies;
And we have choice commanders.

Then here's the King; God bless his grace!
Tho' neither you nor I have place,
He has many a sage adviser;
And yet no treason sure 's in this,
Let who will take the pray 'r amiss,
God send them all much wiser!*

---

* This has been attributed to the Earl of Bath, but in the uncertainty of its belonging to Sir Charles, it is inserted here.

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ORPHEUS AND HECATE,

An Ode;

INSCRIBED TO THE PATRONESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA

LADY BINGLEY.

Tantum Odiis, Iræque dabat——
———illa Sorores
Nocte vocat genitas——— MET. lib. 4.

WHEN Orpheus, as old poets tell,
Carry'd his music down to hell,
He fill'd the shades with joys;
Alecto, and Tisiphone,
Megæra, with Brown Hecate,
Transported heard his voice.

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And whilst he led the song divine,
The spectres all in chorus join;
Such was grim Pluto's will!
Tantalus quaff'd a flowing bowl,
Sisyphus ceas'd his stone to roll,
Ixion's wheel stood still.

His person, melody, and lyre
Set the infernal queen on fire,
Who courted him to stay:
But Pluto, to prevent all strife,
Order'd the Poet, with his wife,
Back to the realms of day.

Joyful they speed for upper air;
When, to divide the happy pair,
Hecat' contriv'd a spell:
Now, now, she cry'd, in rapt'rous tone,
His harmony is all my own!
I'll make a heav'n in hell!

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For me, and my Tartarean crew,
Endless the wanton song renew !
O ever touch the lyre !
But still the bard, in heav'nly lays,
Would sing his king's and maker's praise,
And kindle martial fire.

Enrag'd the triple-headed * dame
Howl'd; in a trice the furies came,
Threat'ning a dreadful fate:
'Till Phœbus, with the tuneful Nine,
And lovely Graces all combine
To shield him from their hate.

Thus sav'd from death, he shares the love
Of men below, and blest above,

---

* Tuque *triceps* HECATE.——Met. Lib. 7.

The ancients represented Hecate with three heads, that of a horse, a bitch, and a savage; the second is supposed to be the head used on this occasion.

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The virtuous, brave, and wise:
Whilst every chaste, and pious mind,
To vice averse, to good inclin'd;
Must Hecat's name despise.

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LADY DOROTHY BOYLE*

ENAMOURED WITH

LORD EUSTON.

BEHOLD, one moment, Dorothea's fate !
In fortune opulent by lineage great;
In manners gentle, rich in ev'ry grace,
And youth sat blooming in her heav'nly face.
By Nature docile, and by Art improv'd,
Nay, more, she lov'd, with tenderness she lov'd,
The faithless Polydore, yet all these charms
Could not one night confine him to her arms ;
But left in all the hell of love and grief,
From death, alone, she hop'd to find relief;

---

* Dorothy Boyle, eldest daughter of the Earl of Burlington, who married the Earl of Euston, son to Charles II., Duke of Grafton. She died without issue, 1742; and he died, 1747.

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The milder tyrant, death, corrects her fate,
Receives her at his ever-open gate:
There dries her tears, and bids her sigh no more,
And shuts out life, and love and Polydore.

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SONG IN COMUS.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bower repair;
Where, woven with the Poplar bough,
The Mantling Vine shall shelter you.

Down each side a Fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes;
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Around, the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd on sunny hillocks, sleep;
Whilst on the Hyacinth and Rose,
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone, yet in her arms,
Your breast may beat to Love's alarms;
Where blest and blessing they shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

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SONG.

AT St. Osyth's, near the mill,
There dwells a lovely lass;
O, had I her good will,
How sweetly life would pass.

No bold intruding care,
Our bliss should e'er annoy;
Her looks can gild despair,
And heighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
Her artless beauties charm;
Like them with joy serene,
Our wishing hearts they warm.

Her wit with sweetness crown'd,
Steals ev'ry sense away;
The list'ning swains around,
Forget the short'ning day.

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Health, Freedom, Wealth, and Ease,
  Without her tasteless are;
She gives them pow'r to please,
  And makes them worth our care.

Is there, ye powers, a bliss,
  Reserved for my share?
Indulgent hear my wish,
  And grant it all in her.

END OF VOL. I.

T. C. Hansard, Printer,
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